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NO 11-APRIL-MAY

# SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢

★  
ALL STAR  
★  
ACTION  
★ ★  
ISSUE!  
★







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# GIVEN

## PREMIUMS - CASH



BOYS  
GIRLS

ACT  
NOW

MAIL  
Coupon

Electric Record Players, Candid Cameras with carrying cases (sent postage paid), Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. Simply GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-27, Tyrone, Pa.

# GIVEN - GIVEN

## PREMIUMS OR CASH



OUR  
56th YEAR

ACT NOW  
BOYS - GIRLS

We Are Reliable



Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. C-27, Tyrone, Pa.

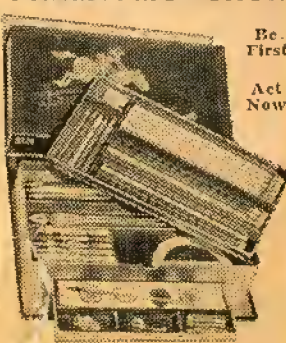


OUR  
56th  
YEAR

Mail  
Coupon

# GIVEN

## PREMIUMS - CASH



Be  
First

Act  
Now

Girls! Boys! Send No Money Now. We Trust You. School Boxes, 3 Pc. Pen & Pencil Sets, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-27, Tyrone, Pa.

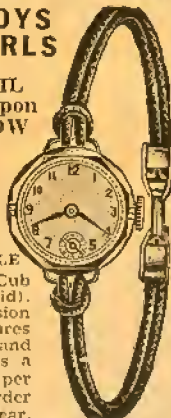
# PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



BOYS  
GIRLS

MAIL  
Coupon  
NOW

Our  
56th  
Year



WE ARE RELIABLE

Radios, Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Cub Fishing Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 56th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. F-27, Tyrone, Pa.



LADIES

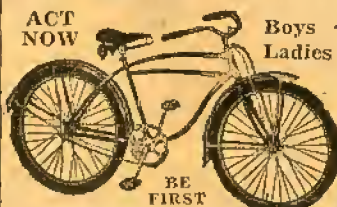
MEN

# Premiums - GIVEN - Cash

ACT  
NOW

Boys - Girls  
Ladies - Men

OUR  
56th  
YEAR



BE  
FIRST



Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Latest model Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. E-27, TYRONE, PA.

# GIVEN - GIVEN

## Premiums - Cash Commission



Mail Coupon

BOYS  
GIRLS

ACT NOW

Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Regulation Footballs, Flashlights, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. G-27, Tyrone, Pa.



MAIL COUPON NOW

# MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-AM, Tyrone, Pa. Dalc. ....  
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
St. \_\_\_\_\_ R.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Print LAST Name Here \_\_\_\_\_  
Name Here \_\_\_\_\_

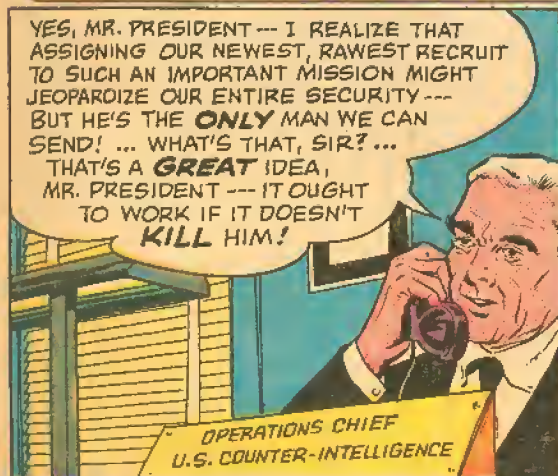
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW



# COWARD'S CASE



**COURAGE** IS KNOWN BY MANY NAMES --- BRAVERY... VALOR... INTESTINAL FORTITUDE --- BUT WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, A COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENT HAS TO **HAVE** IT! AND WHEN AGENT **CHET PORTER** FOUND HIMSELF BRANDED WITH THE DESPICABLE NAME OF **COWARD**, HE SET OUT WITH GRIM DETERMINATION AND SLASHING FISTS TO PROVE HIS MANHOOD TO THE WORLD --- AND TO HIMSELF!







HELP...  
POLICE!

HURRY...  
THROW HIM  
IN THE  
CAR!

OH, OH... LOOKS  
LIKE I'LL BE  
GETTING SOME  
ACTION **SOONER**  
THAN I THOUGHT!



EH? DMITRI...  
GET RID  
OF THE  
MEDDLER!

THANK HEAVENS YOU HEARD  
ME --- THESE MEN ARE  
DANGEROUS **SPIES** ---  
AFTER THE TOP-SECRET  
PAPERS I'M CARRYING!



THOSE PAPERS  
ARE AS SAFE  
AS FORT KNOX...  
NOW THAT U.S.  
COUNTER-  
INTELLIGENCE  
IS ON THE JOB!

DMITRI...  
USE YOUR  
TOMMY-  
GUN ---  
UGHH!

I CAN'T  
SHOOT...  
I MIGHT  
HIT ONE  
OF  
US!



OHHH!

BUT I CAN  
USE THE GUN  
**ANOTHER**  
WAY!



MUST...  
MUST GET  
**UP**... GOT  
TO **STOP**  
THEM!

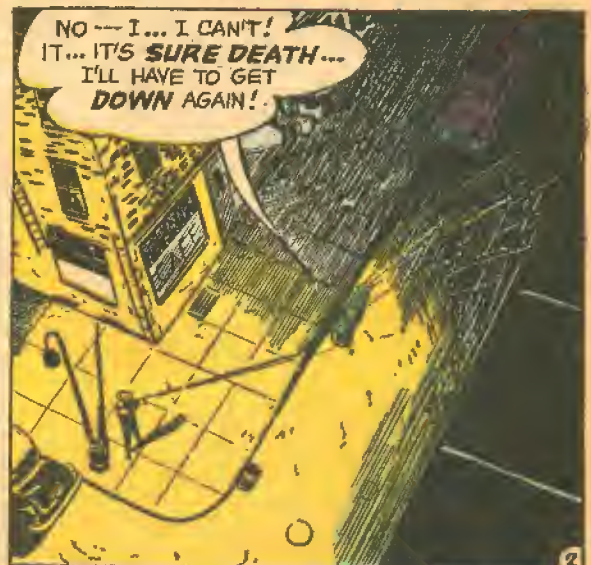
DMITRI... COVER  
US WHILE WE  
GET TO THE CAR!  
**NOW** YOU CAN  
SHOOT!

WITH  
**PLEASURE!**



**WHEW**... THAT FIRE IS **MURDEROUS!**  
LUCKY I LANDED BEHIND THIS HIGH CURB  
--- IT SHIELDS ME IF I BURY MY NOSE  
IN THE GUTTER! BUT I... I CAN'T  
**STAY** HERE --- THEY'LL GET AWAY!  
I... I'LL HAVE TO GET UP  
AND **RISK** IT!

RAT-TAT-A-TAT!



NO --- I... I CAN'T!  
IT... IT'S **SURE DEATH**...  
I'LL HAVE TO GET  
**DOWN** AGAIN!



A MOMENT LATER...

HE... HE STOPPED FIRING!  
IS HE JUST WAITING FOR ME TO  
STICK MY HEAD UP SO HE CAN  
**BLAST** ME -- OR IS IT REALLY  
SAFE FOR ME TO  
GET UP NOW?

POP!

WOW-- WHAT  
A PICTURE!

I... I'M  
TOO LATE...  
**THERE  
THEY  
GO!**

OH, BABY! AM I LUCKY --- THE  
NEWSPAPERS WILL PAY PLENTY  
FOR THE PICTURE I JUST GOT!  
WHAT A **STORY**  
IT'LL MAKE!

AND NOW FOR  
A SHOT OF THE  
"HERO" ---  
HOLD IT,  
MISTER!

WAIT --- GIVE ME THAT CAMERA!  
THAT FIRST PICTURE WILL BE  
NEEDED AS EVIDENCE  
AGAINST THOSE SPIES  
WHO ESCAPED!

POP!

HERE ARE MY OFFICIAL  
CREDENTIALS! IF  
YOU'LL JUST HAND  
OVER YOUR CAMERA  
NOW---

HMM --- "**CHET PORTER**  
--- **U.S. COUNTER-  
INTELLIGENCE  
AGENT**"! THIS  
STORY IS GETTING  
EVEN **BETTER!**

WH---  
HEY!

SORRY, BUD --- I THINK THE  
AMERICAN PUBLIC HAS THE  
**RIGHT** TO KNOW HOW A  
**COWARD** LIKE YOU IS  
PROTECTING THEIR  
SECURITY!

BY THE TIME CHET PICKS HIMSELF UP...

HE'S **GONE** --- HE MUST HAVE DUCKED INTO ONE  
OF THOSE ALLEYS --- I'LL NEVER FIND HIM NOW!  
WHAT A **MESS** I MADE OF THE WHOLE THING ---  
AND --- I'LL HAVE TO REPORT IT ALL TO  
HEADQUARTERS IN THE MORNING!

BUT, THE NEXT MORNING...

**EXTRY --- READ ALL  
ABOUT IT! -- U.S.  
AGENT CRAWLS IN  
GUTTER AS SPIES  
GRAB DIPLOMAT!**

OH, OH! ---  
THAT MUST BE  
**ME!**



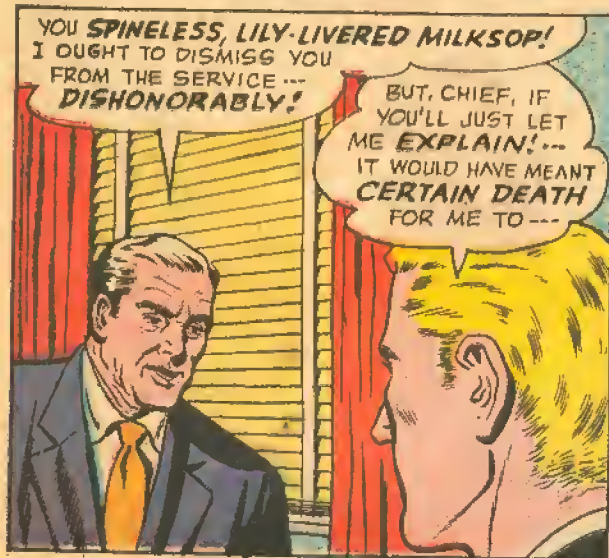


WHEW -- THEY SURE LACED INTO ME -- BUT GOOD!



THERE HE IS -- THE COWARD!

HE'S A DISGRACE TO THE SERVICE... THAT PICTURE SHOWS HIM LYING THERE, CRINGING IN THE GUTTER... WHEN THEY WEREN'T EVEN FIRING AT HIM!

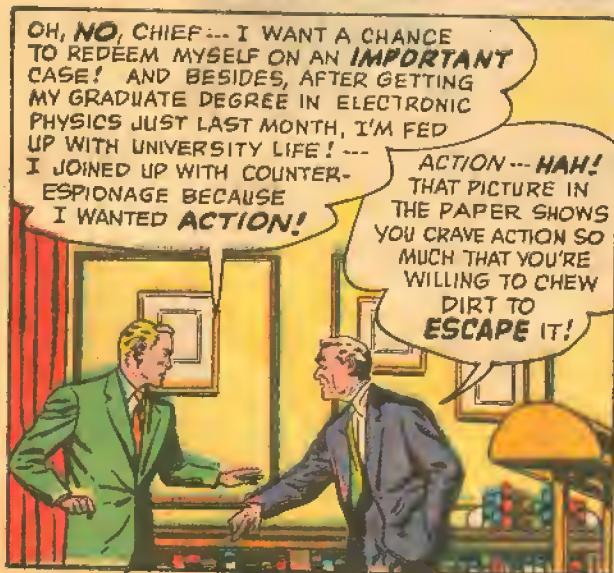


YOU SPINELESS, LILY-LIVERED MILKSOP! I OUGHT TO DISMISS YOU FROM THE SERVICE -- DISHONORABLY!

BUT, CHIEF, IF YOU'LL JUST LET ME EXPLAIN!... IT WOULD HAVE MEANT CERTAIN DEATH FOR ME TO --



SHUT UP -- THAT PHOTOGRAPH DEPRIVES YOU OF ANY ALIBI! UNTIL I DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOU, I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO A COWARD'S CASE -- THE DULLEST, SAFEST JOB I CAN THINK OF! YOU'RE GOING TO THE INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED PHYSICS AT MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY TO KEEP AN EYE ON SOME CRACKPOT INVENTOR!



OH, NO, CHIEF -- I WANT A CHANCE TO REDEEM MYSELF ON AN IMPORTANT CASE! AND BESIDES, AFTER GETTING MY GRADUATE DEGREE IN ELECTRONIC PHYSICS JUST LAST MONTH, I'M FED UP WITH UNIVERSITY LIFE! -- I JOINED UP WITH COUNTER-ESPIONAGE BECAUSE I WANTED ACTION!

ACTION -- HAH! THAT PICTURE IN THE PAPER SHOWS YOU CRAVE ACTION SO MUCH THAT YOU'RE WILLING TO CHEW DIRT TO ESCAPE IT!



YOU'LL EITHER OBEY ORDERS -- OR GET A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE SERVICE!

ALL RIGHT, SIR!... I'LL DO AS YOU SAY! BUT I SWEAR I'LL REDEEM MYSELF SOMEDAY!





EVERY PAPER FROM COAST TO COAST CARRIED THAT PICTURE... THE WHOLE COUNTRY KNOWS ABOUT MY COWARDICE BY NOW! I... I'VE **GOT** TO CLEAR MY NAME --- AND PROVE TO **MYSELF** THAT I'M NOT A COWARD! BUT... BUT WHAT IF I **REALLY AM**?



NEXT DAY, AT PROF. HENRIK PETERSEN'S LABORATORY IN MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY...

IS PROF. PETERSEN IN? I'M HIS NEW ASSISTANT!

HE'S INSIDE THE LAB -- I'M **RITA SMITH**, HIS SECRETARY! SAY, YOU LOOK **FAMILIAR**... DON'T I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEPLACE?

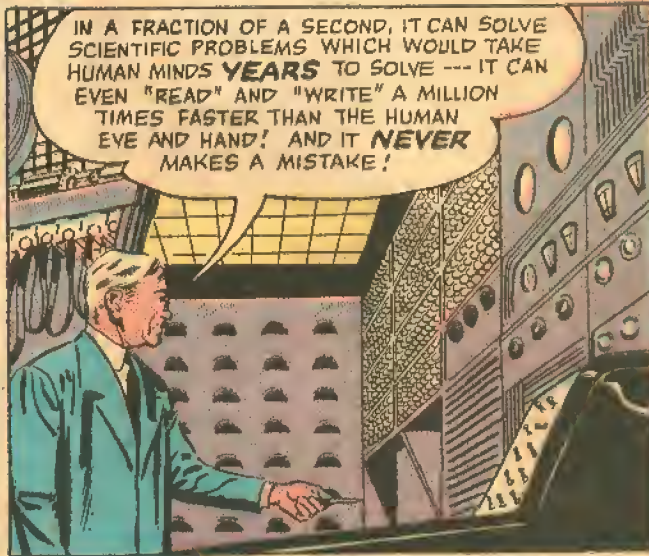


YES --- FROM THAT **NEWS-PAPER** IN FRONT OF YOU!

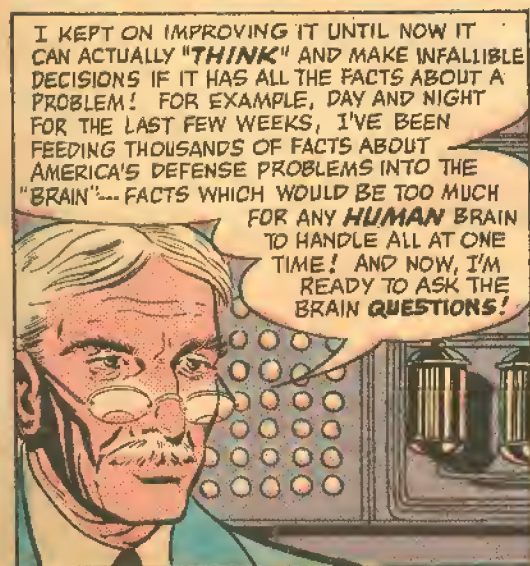
**OH!!!** YOU --- YOU'RE THAT **COWARD**!



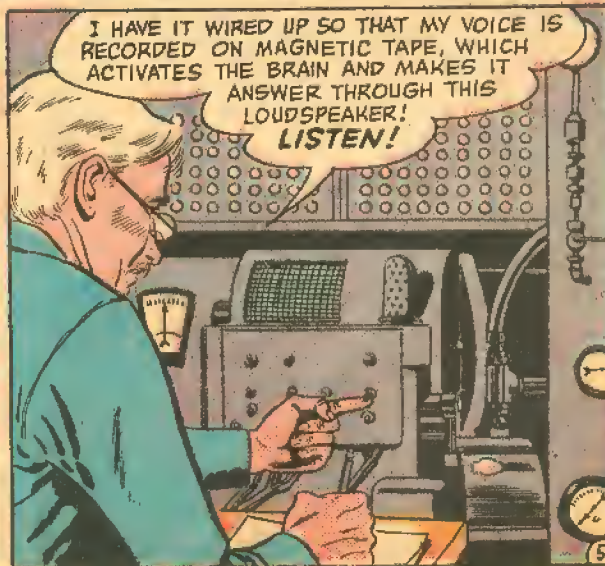
AH, YES, WASHINGTON WIRED ME TO EXPECT YOU, MR. PORTER --- HMM, YOU HAVE AN **EXCELLENT** BACKGROUND IN PHYSICS! COME, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'VE JUST PERFECTED --- THE GREATEST INVENTION IN THE HISTORY OF TECHNOLOGY --- AN **ELECTRONIC BRAIN**!



IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, IT CAN SOLVE SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS WHICH WOULD TAKE HUMAN MINDS **YEARS** TO SOLVE --- IT CAN EVEN "READ" AND "WRITE" A MILLION TIMES FASTER THAN THE HUMAN EYE AND HAND! AND IT **NEVER** MAKES A MISTAKE!

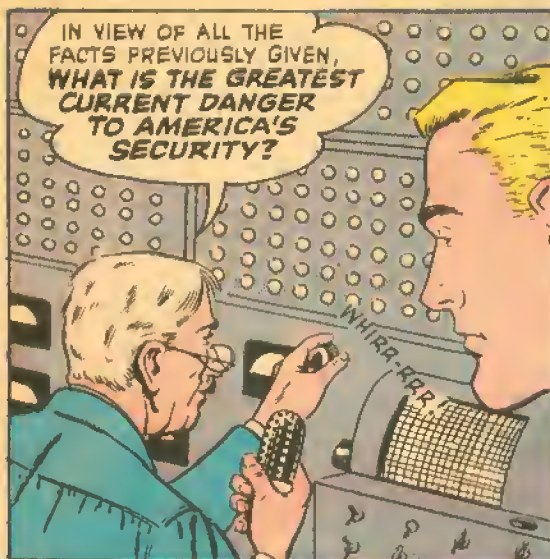


I KEPT ON IMPROVING IT UNTIL NOW IT CAN ACTUALLY "**THINK**" AND MAKE INFALLIBLE DECISIONS IF IT HAS ALL THE FACTS ABOUT A PROBLEM! FOR EXAMPLE, DAY AND NIGHT FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS, I'VE BEEN FEEDING THOUSANDS OF FACTS ABOUT AMERICA'S DEFENSE PROBLEMS INTO THE "BRAIN" --- FACTS WHICH WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR ANY **HUMAN** BRAIN TO HANDLE ALL AT ONE TIME! AND NOW, I'M READY TO ASK THE **BRAIN QUESTIONS**!



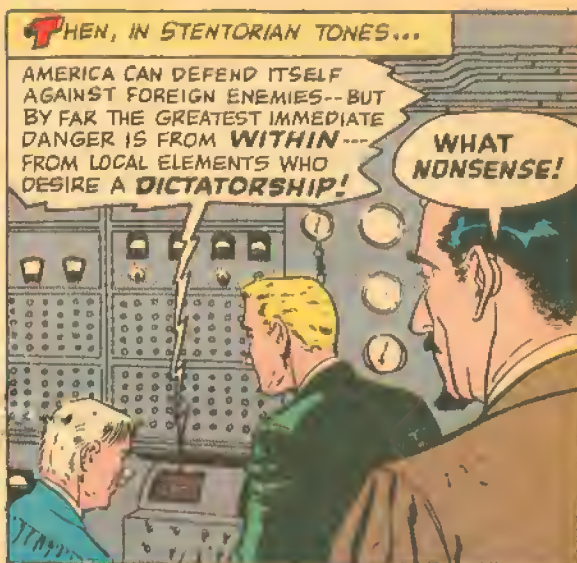
I HAVE IT WIRED UP SO THAT MY VOICE IS RECORDED ON MAGNETIC TAPE, WHICH ACTIVATES THE BRAIN AND MAKES IT ANSWER THROUGH THIS LOUDSPEAKER! **LISTEN!**





IN VIEW OF ALL THE FACTS PREVIOUSLY GIVEN, **WHAT IS THE GREATEST CURRENT DANGER TO AMERICA'S SECURITY?**

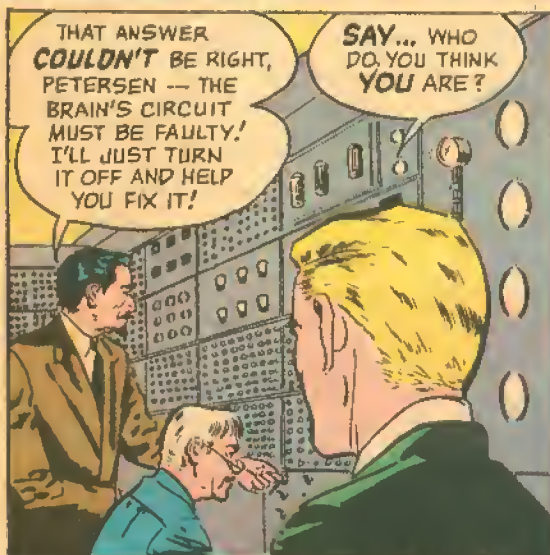
WHIRRR-RRR!



**THEN, IN STENTORIAN TONES...**

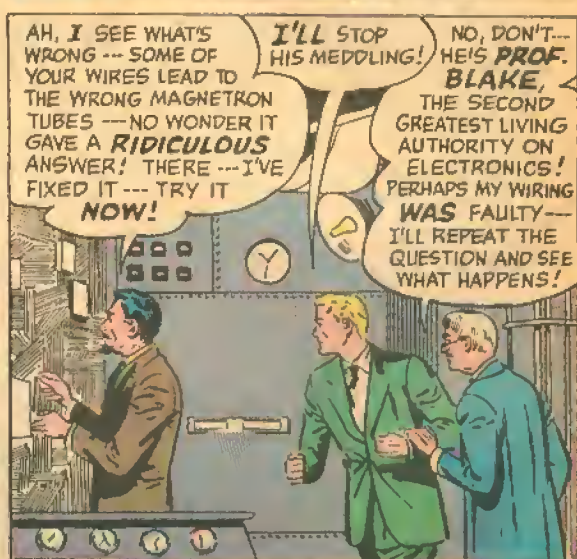
AMERICA CAN DEFEND ITSELF AGAINST FOREIGN ENEMIES-- BUT BY FAR THE GREATEST IMMEDIATE DANGER IS FROM **WITHIN**--- FROM LOCAL ELEMENTS WHO DESIRE A **DICTATORSHIP!**

**WHAT NONSENSE!**



THAT ANSWER **COULDN'T** BE RIGHT, PETERSEN -- THE BRAIN'S CIRCUIT MUST BE FAULTY! I'LL JUST TURN IT OFF AND HELP YOU FIX IT!

SAY... WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?



AH, I SEE WHAT'S WRONG -- SOME OF YOUR WIRES LEAD TO THE WRONG MAGNETRON TUBES -- NO WONDER IT GAVE A **RIDICULOUS** ANSWER! THERE -- I'VE FIXED IT -- TRY IT **NOW!**

I'LL STOP HIS MEDDLING!

NO, DON'T--- HE'S **PROF. BLAKE**, THE SECOND GREATEST LIVING AUTHORITY ON ELECTRONICS! PERHAPS MY WIRING **WAS** FAULTY--- I'LL REPEAT THE QUESTION AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



**THIS TIME, THE ANSWER IS...**

AMERICA IS ENDANGERED ONLY BY THE FOREIGN **COMMUNISTS!**

SAY, WHAT DID YOU **DO** TO THE BRAIN TO MAKE IT CHANGE ITS ANSWER?

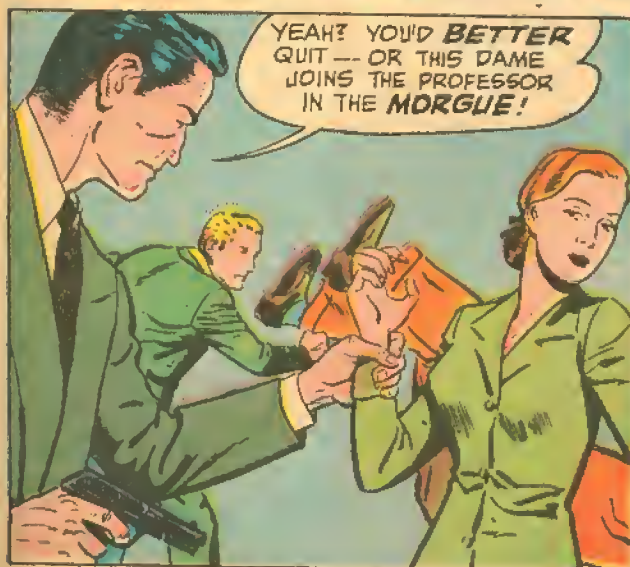
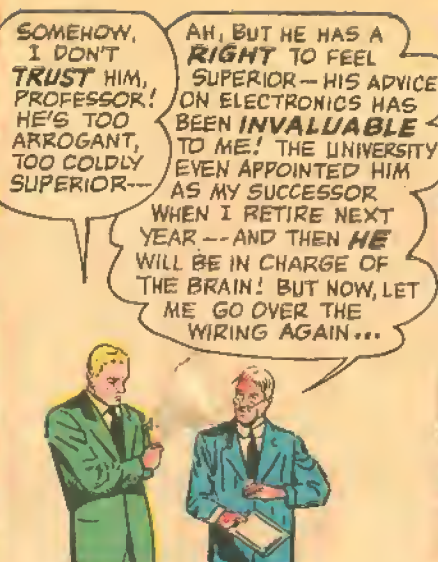
AND **WHO**, MAY I ASK, ARE **YOU?**



MY NAME IS CHET PORTER -- I'M ---

**HA --- NOW I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM YOUR "HEROIC" PICTURES IN THE PAPERS, MR. PORTER!** YOUR SUPERIORS EVIDENTLY DIDN'T THINK VERY HIGHLY OF THE BRAIN IF THEY SENT THE ACE **COWARD** OF THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE CORPS DOWN HERE TO GUARD IT!









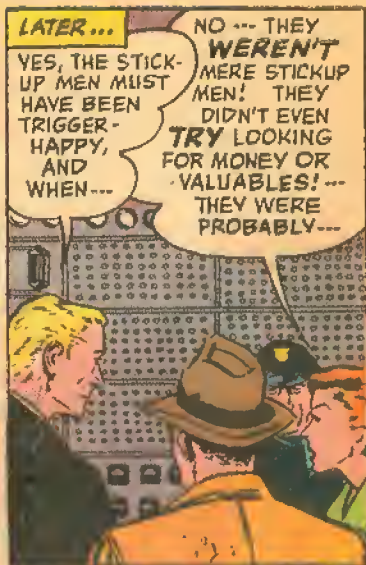
THEY LOCKED  
THE DOOR---  
THEY'LL GET  
AWAY!

NEVER MIND  
**THEM!**  
CALL A DOCTOR  
FOR THE  
PROFESSOR---  
**QUICK!**



IT... IT'S  
TOO LATE---  
HE'S  
**DEAD!**

OKH, NO... **NO!**  
IT'S ALL **YOUR** FAULT,  
YOU **COWARD**---YOU  
LET THEM KILL HIM!  
I... I **DESPISE**  
YOU!



**LATER...**

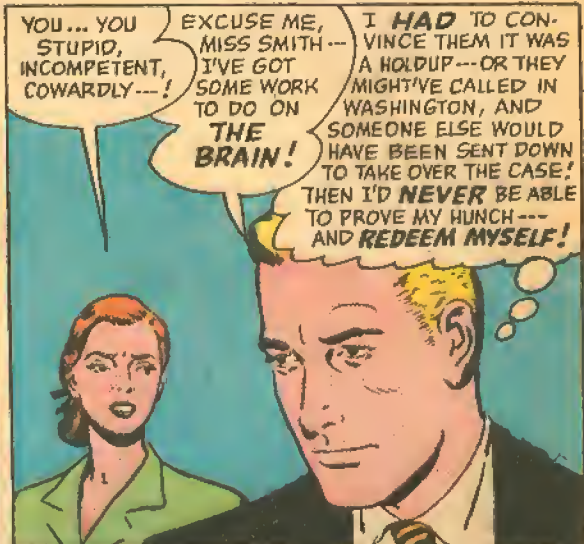
YES, THE STICK-  
UP MEN MUST  
HAVE BEEN  
TRIGGER-  
HAPPY,  
AND  
WHEN---

NO... THEY  
**WEREN'T**  
WERE STICKUP  
MEN! THEY  
DIDN'T EVEN  
**TRY** LOOKING  
FOR MONEY OR  
VALUABLES!---  
THEY WERE  
PROBABLY---



DON'T MIND HER, OFFICER---  
SHE'S EMOTIONALLY  
UPSET! HERE ARE  
MY FEDERAL  
CREDENTIALS---  
I GUESS YOU  
CAN TAKE **MY**  
WORD ABOUT  
WHAT  
HAPPENED!

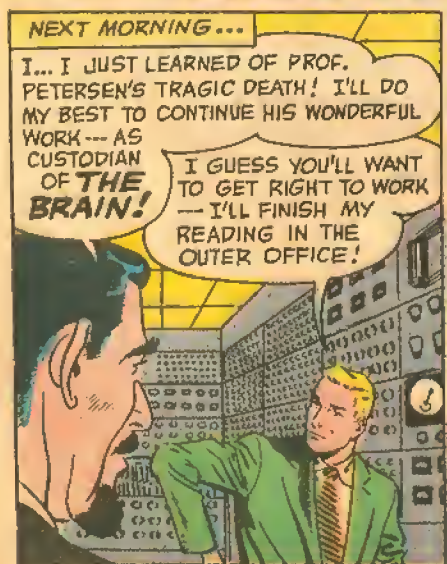
HMM, COUNTER-  
INTELLIGENCE!  
ALL RIGHT, MR. PORTER  
--- WE'LL REPORT  
THE CASE AS  
A HOLD-UP!



YOU... YOU  
STUPID,  
INCOMPETENT,  
COWARDLY---

EXCUSE ME,  
MISS SMITH---  
I'VE GOT  
SOME WORK  
TO DO ON  
**THE**  
**BRAIN!**

I **HAD** TO CON-  
VINCE THEM IT WAS  
A HOLDUP---OR THEY  
MIGHT'VE CALLED IN  
WASHINGTON, AND  
SOMEONE ELSE WOULD  
HAVE BEEN SENT DOWN  
TO TAKE OVER THE CASE!  
THEN I'D **NEVER** BE ABLE  
TO PROVE MY HUNCH---  
AND **REDEEM MYSELF!**



**NEXT MORNING...**

I... I JUST LEARNED OF PROF.  
PETERSEN'S TRAGIC DEATH! I'LL DO  
MY BEST TO CONTINUE HIS WONDERFUL  
WORK--- AS  
CUSTODIAN  
OF **THE**  
**BRAIN!**

I GUESS YOU'LL WANT  
TO GET RIGHT TO WORK  
--- I'LL FINISH MY  
READING IN THE  
OUTER OFFICE!



THE LAB IS SOUNDPROOF---  
**NOW** I CAN ASK THE  
MACHINE **MY**  
QUESTIONS!



**HOURS LATER...**

LEAVING  
ALREADY,  
PROFESSOR?

YES--- I... ER,  
**I HAVE**  
**EVERY-**  
**THING**  
**I NEED!**



**MOMENTS LATER...**

BLAKE DIDN'T KNOW I HOOKED A DICTAPHONE UP TO THE BRAIN! I'LL JUST FLIP THIS SWITCH, AND---

HOW CAN I AND THE NEW MASTER RACE OF SCIENTISTS COME TO POWER AND BECOME **DICTATORS OF THE WORLD?**

THAT... THAT'S **PROF. BLAKE'S VOICE!**

IT IS DIFFICULT---BUT **POSSIBLE!** THERE ARE TWENTY-TWO STEPS, AS FOLLOWS--- FIRST, YOU MUST FOSTER A WAR BETWEEN THE WESTERN AND EASTERN NATIONS IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER...

YES, AND THAT'S **THE BRAIN'S VOICE**---AND I'VE HEARD **ENOUGH!** RITA--- WHERE DOES BLAKE LIVE?

AT... AT 124 SOUTH STREET!

**TEN MINUTES LATER...**

BLAKE, I CHARGE YOU WITH PLOTTING PETERSEN'S MURDER--- AND WITH SUBVERSIVELY PLANNING TO USE **THE BRAIN** TO SUBJECT THE WORLD TO A **DICTATORSHIP!**

YOU'VE GONE STARK, RAVING MAD!

NO, I HAVEN'T--- BECAUSE I'VE GOT **PROOF!** I HOOKED A DICTAPHONE INTO THE BRAIN LAST NIGHT--- AND I HAVE A RECORD OF ALL THE QUESTIONS YOU ASKED, AND ALL THE ANSWERS YOU GOT!

**ANDY--- GET THE BOYS HERE--- FAST!**

SO THESE ASSASSINS ARE YOUR MEN, EH? I WAS **HOPING** I'D TRAP YOU INTO ADMITTING YOU WERE BEHIND THE MURDER, BLAKE--- BECAUSE THE DICTAPHONE RECORDS COULDN'T PROVE **THAT!**

**GET HIM!**

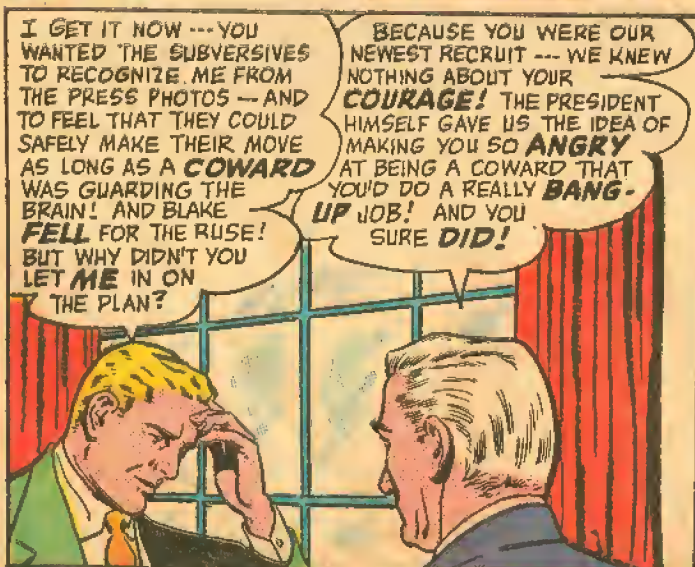
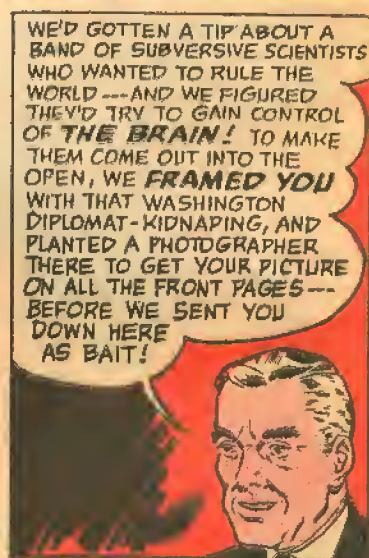
YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO FAR TO GET ME --- I'LL COME AND MEET YOU HALF-WAY!

**BANG! OOF! WHAM!**

YOU BOYS WERE **DUMB** TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A COWARD LIKE **ME**--- MAYBE YOU SHOULD'VE POOLED YOUR BRAINS--- LIKE **THIS!**


**BAH!** I'LL FINISH YOU OFF! THERE'S ONE THING I **KNOW** YOU'RE AFRAID OF--- **HOT LEAD!**







# PIANO-PLAYER SPY

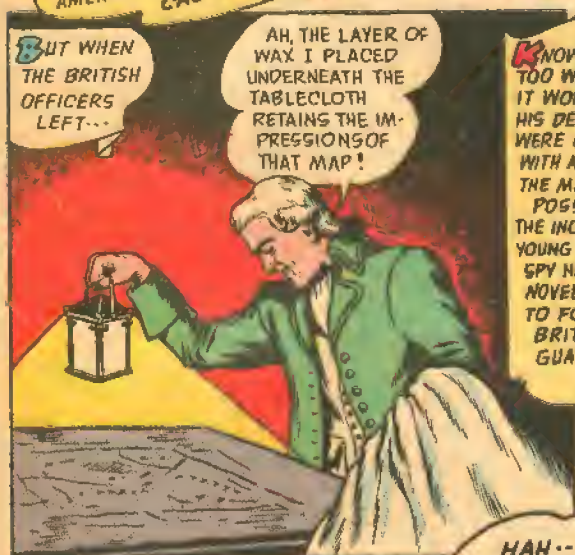


THE BRITISH ARMY OCCUPIED NEW YORK CITY DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, AND THE FAVORITE MEETING PLACE OF THE COMMANDING BRITISH OFFICERS WAS A CERTAIN COZY TAVERN: IT PROVIDED ONE OF THE FIRST PIANOS IN AMERICA... AND ONE OF THE EARLIEST AMERICAN PIANO-PLAYERS... **CALEB BOLTON!**

THERE, I'VE DRAWN THE MAP OF OUR DEFENSES ON LONG ISLAND... AND TO FURTHER STRENGTHEN OUR POSITION IN CASE WASHINGTON ATTACKS, WE'LL MOVE OUR RESERVE TROOPS UP TO THIS LINE...

WAIT... DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO DISCUSS OUR PLANS **HERE**... WITH THAT PIANO-PLAYER LISTENING?

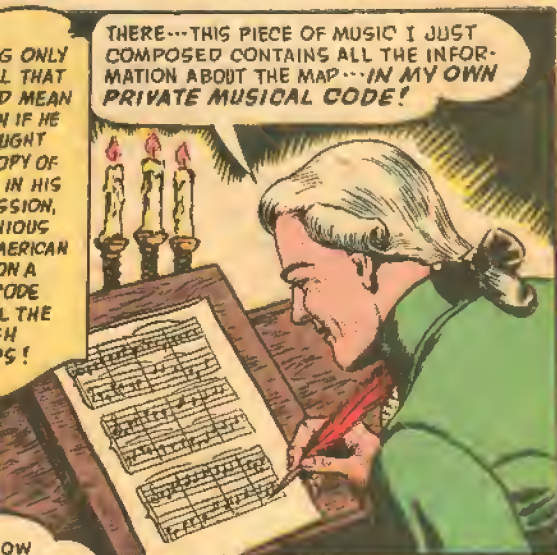
**BOLTON?** ALL HE'S INTERESTED IN IS HIS PIANO! AND BESIDES, HE CAN'T SEE THE MAP WE'VE DRAWN!



BUT WHEN THE BRITISH OFFICERS LEFT...

AH, THE LAYER OF WAX I PLACED UNDERNEATH THE TABLECLOTH RETAINS THE IMPRESSIONS OF THAT MAP!

KNOWING ONLY TOO WELL THAT IT WOULD MEAN HIS DEATH IF HE WERE CAUGHT WITH A COPY OF THE MAP IN HIS POSSESSION, THE INGENIOUS YOUNG AMERICAN SPY HIT ON A NOVEL CODE TO FOOL THE BRITISH GUARDS!



THERE... THIS PIECE OF MUSIC I JUST COMPOSED CONTAINS ALL THE INFORMATION ABOUT THE MAP... IN MY OWN PRIVATE MUSICAL CODE!



THEN, ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE FRONT LINES TO WASHINGTON'S CAMP...

HALT! PREPARE TO BE SEARCHED FOR CONTRABAND!

CERTAINLY... I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE... ALL I HAVE WITH ME IS THE MUSIC I'VE JUST COMPOSED!



HAN... HOW CAN YOU AMERICANS HOPE TO BEAT US WHEN YOU WASTE ALL YOUR TIME WITH SUCH IDLE OCCUPATIONS AS COMPOSING MUSIC? PASS... FOOL!



BUT CALEB BOLTON'S MUSICAL COMPOSITION WASN'T A WASTE OF TIME... FOR WHEN IT FINALLY REACHED GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON, IT ENABLED HIM TO SOUNDLY DEFEAT THE BRITISH AT THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND!



# FLARE-UP

JERRY BARNUM WAS disgusted. Here he'd joined the U. S. Secret Service to get some *action*---and what did they give him? A job as night watchman, patrolling a beat around a laboratory that was so top-secret that no spy would ever even hear about it, much less attack it! Fat chance for action he had *here*!

True, the lab was vitally important to the national defense---engaged in perfecting a high-powered rocket fuel which would enable America's guided missiles to reach any point on the globe. And that was why such extraordinary precautions had been taken to keep the lab's very existence a secret---only a bare handful of thoroughly investigated scientists and top brass knew about the underground location hidden deep in the Michigan woods. And that was also why the Secret Service felt it was safe enough to send only one agent out to guard the lab---its newest and most untried agent---Jerry Barnum!

Why, only this afternoon, a top Secret Service official---a man whom Jerry had never seen before, but whose credentials proved his importance---had driven up to the secret entrance of the lab, and had told Jerry after a tour of inspection, "I know this is a tedious job, Barnum---I think it's beginning to get on your nerves---you seem too tense and jumpy! Maybe it'll help you to relax if you know there isn't a chance in the world of any spy ever learning about this lab---so you needn't reach for your gun at the slightest sound during the night. If you can keep relaxed without becoming trigger-happy, I'll see what I can do about getting you transferred to another assignment in a few weeks!"

Jerry had thanked the man, Mr. Whitby, profusely---and had tried following his advice, ignoring the innocent-sounding noises which he'd heard on his rounds, thinking they were just forest sounds filtering down into

the lab. But the thought of even a few more weeks at this nerve-wrackingly dull assignment still made him feel disgusted. *Wait*---that sound in the inner lab---that wasn't innocent!

Drawing his gun, Jerry raced into the next room---and suddenly felt his feet flying out from under him as he slid into a slippery liquid on the floor. Then, while he was groping around in the oily mess for his gun, a flashlight bit through the darkness and Whitby's voice said, "Don't make a move, Barnum---you're covered! What a fool you were to take my credentials at face value, and give me a chance to make wax impressions of the lab keys you so stupidly left lying around this afternoon! But just to play safe in case you heard any noises I made in my search for the rocket fuel plans, I spilled some lubricating oil on the floor---and you sure slipped in it! You see, our spies have access to even your most secret projects---*HEY!*"

In one flying, diving leap, Jerry got behind the tanks of liquid oxygen---and Whitby's shot zinged harmlessly over his head. Then, before Whitby could fire again, Jerry called out, "Better hold your fire, rat---unless you want to be blown up! If a shot ever pierces this tank of oxygen, it's curtains for both of us!"

Snarling, the spy began advancing cautiously along the oil-smeared floor. "Then I'll come close enough to be sure I hit *you* instead of the tanks!"

Jerry's hand twisted the valve of the oxygen tank as the spy neared him---and suddenly, a brilliant glare lit up the lab---and a piercing scream rang out and then died in a death rattle. Grabbing a fire extinguisher, Jerry put out the fire around the spy's smoldering body, and said, "Too bad you didn't know that liquid oxygen and lubricating oil burst into flames on contact!--I think I'm beginning to *like* this assignment!"



# BLOWUP in BURMA

**W**ITH UNREST SWEEPING ASIA LIKE A TROPICAL STORM --- WITH A DOZEN FACTIONS FIGHTING SAVAGELY FOR A DOZEN DIFFERENT OBJECTIVES --- THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT A FOOTLOOSE AMERICAN WILL RUN INTO IN THE JUNGLES OF BURMA! **MITCH COOPER** IS HEADING TOWARD DANGER IN ALL SHAPES AND SIZES --- FROM THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE OF A COMMUNIST GUERRILLA LEADER --- TO THE WHITE-HOT WITCHERY OF **LADY MOONLIGHT!**

HEY---WAIT! WE'VE BEEN CHOPPING OUR WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE FOR THREE HOURS NOW---ARE YOU **SURE** YOU KNOW THE WAY TO **RODENSKI'S** GUERRILLA CAMP?

YES! YOU COME WITH US LITTLE BIT FURTHER, SIR --- WE SHOW YOU!

**A** HALF-MILE BEYOND---AT THE EDGE OF THE **IRRAWADDY RIVER**---

WHAT GOES ON HERE, ANYWAY? FROM WHAT I HEARD IN RANGOON, THE HEADQUARTERS OF **RODENSKI'S** COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS WAS IN THE JUNGLE! HOW COME YOU'VE TAKEN ME TO A BATTERED OLD TUB LIKE **THAT?**

THAT IS **OUR** HEADQUARTERS!

KEEP MOVING---OUR CHIEF WILL BE INTERESTED IN MEETING THE FOREIGNER WHO SEEKS **RODENSKI!**



NO NEED TO GUESS **THIS** SETUP...I'VE FALLEN IN WITH A CREW OF **GUN-RUNNERS!**



**WOW!** JUDGING FROM THE HARD-BOILED CHARACTERS ALL AROUND ME...MEETING THE NO. 1 MAN OF THIS OUTFIT IS GOING TO **BE** SOMETHING!



OVER THERE!  
OUR CHIEF READY  
TO SPEAK!

**A GIRL!** I'VE HAD MANY A JOLT DURING MY FIVE YEARS AS A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT...BUT **NOW** I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!



LADY MOONLIGHT... THIS IS THE AMERICAN WHO WISHES TO FIND **RODENSKI!**

**QUIET!** HOW MANY GUNS HAVE YOU...WHERE ARE THEY...AND AT WHAT PRICE?



LOOK, BABY...SOMEONE'S GIVEN YOU A STRICTLY PHONY STEER! I'M MITCH COOPER, A MAGAZINE WRITER...AND THE ONLY GUN I'D KNOW ABOUT IS THE ONE YOUR BOYS GRABBED FROM ME!



THAT MAY BE...BUT IN THE PAST, FOREIGNERS HAVE HAD ONE MISSION WHEN THEY COME TO THE JUNGLE SEEKING OUT GUERRILLA CHIEFS!

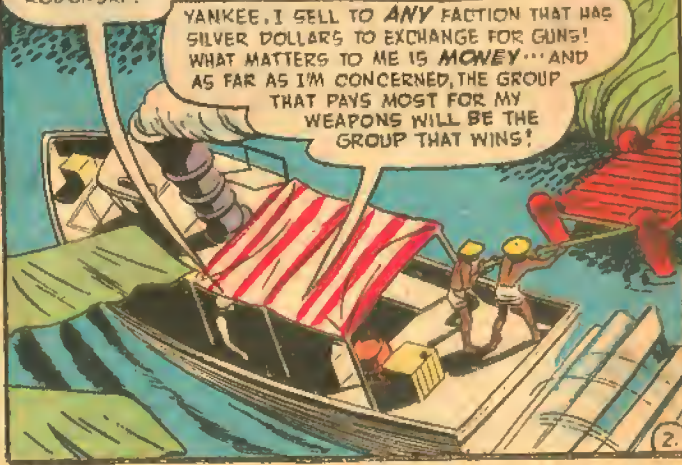
THEY COME TO SELL GUNS...AND I DO NOT LIKE COMPETITION! THESE WEAPONS ARE FOR **RODENSKI**, WHENEVER HE CAN PAY FOR THEM...AND I CAN BE LIKE A TIGRESS TOWARD ANYONE WHO TRIES TO UNDERSELL ME!

I GUESS THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO EXPLAIN THAT I WAS ASSIGNED TO FIND **RODENSKI'S** CAMP...AND GET THE LOWDOWN ON WHETHER HE'S REALLY LEADING A COMMUNIST FACTION!



AFTER ALL, SWEETHEART...YOU'VE GIVEN ME SOMETHING **ELSE** TO WONDER ABOUT! WITH NINE DIFFERENT FACTIONS BRAWLING IN THE BURMESE CIVIL WAR...HOW COME YOU'RE PEDDLING GUNS TO A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER LIKE **RODENSKI?**

YANKEE, I SELL TO **ANY** FACTION THAT HAS SILVER DOLLARS TO EXCHANGE FOR GUNS! WHAT MATTERS TO ME IS **MONEY**...AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE GROUP THAT PAYS MOST FOR MY WEAPONS WILL BE THE GROUP THAT WINS!





HEY---WE'RE PUTTING OUT  
FROM SHORE! YOU CAN'T  
DO THAT, HONEYBUNCH  
...I'VE GOT A STORY TO  
WRITE!

BUT PERHAPS YOU SHOULD  
NOT WASTE A STORY ON A  
MINOR REBEL LIKE  
RODENSKI! PERHAPS YOU  
SHOULD WRITE ABOUT A  
PERSONAGE WHOSE VERY  
WHIMS CAN CHANGE THE  
HISTORY OF BURMA---  
**LADY MOONLIGHT!**

**H**OURS LATER---AS THE STERN-WHEELER PUFFS  
AGAINST THE SLUGGISH CURRENT---

YEP, IT'S PROBABLY GOOD BUSINESS TO SELL  
GUNS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER---EVEN WHEN  
HE'S A SLAVONIAN AGENT ASSIGNED TO KEEP  
BURMA IN A STATE OF UNREST---BUT DON'T  
YOU HAVE ANY FEELINGS ABOUT  
**PRINCIPLE, MOON-  
LIGHT?**

**FEELINGS?**  
MERELY A SIGN OF  
WEAKNESS---AND  
SOMETHING I  
WOULDN'T KNOW  
ABOUT!

Then...



**CRRRRUNCH!**

**F**OR JUST A MOMENT---LADY MOONLIGHT  
YIELDS TO THE ARM AROUND HER WAIST!

THIS ONE OF  
YOUR WEAK  
MOMENTS,  
SWEETHEART?

NO---JUST A  
TROUBLESOME  
ONE! THE SHIP'S  
RUN AGROUND  
ON A SAND  
BAR!



BOGGED DOWN SOLID, HEY? HONEY,  
IT'S GOING TO BE MORE THAN  
TROUBLESOME IF A GOVERNMENT  
PATROL BOAT COMES NOSING  
AROUND!

BEFORE YOU GET TOO  
HOPEFUL, MY FRIEND---  
HAVEN'T YOU WONDERED  
WHY I'M CARRYING THAT  
PILE OF **SUGAR  
CANES?**



**W**ITHIN A FEW MINUTES---

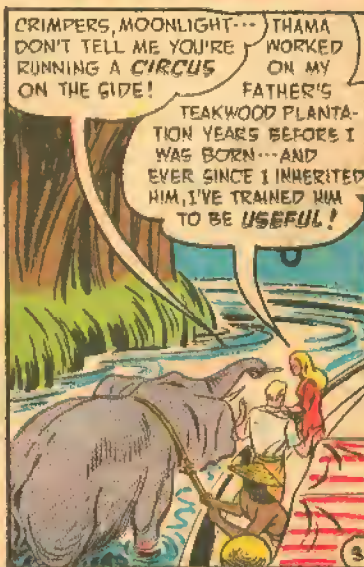
GOOD GOSH  
---LOOK! IS  
THAT AN  
**ELEPHANT?**

WHAT  
ELSE?



CRIMPERS, MOONLIGHT--- THAMA  
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WORKED  
RUNNING A **CIRCUS** ON MY  
ON THE GIDE! FATHER'S

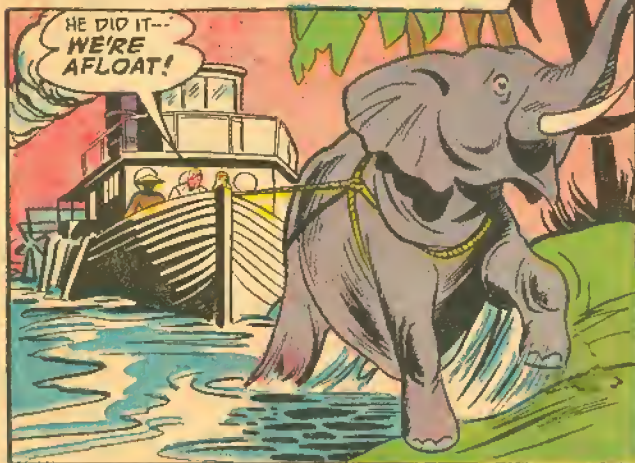
TEAKWOOD PLANTA-  
TION YEARS BEFORE I  
WAS BORN---AND  
EVER SINCE I INHERITED  
HIM, I'VE TRAINED HIM  
TO BE **USEFUL!**



**CLANG!**



FOR A SECOND, THE ROPE CREAKS UNDER THE STRAIN---  
BUT WITH FIVE TONS OF MUSCLE CALLED INTO PLAY---



A WALKING BULLDOZER'S MIGHTY CONVENIENT,  
MOONLIGHT---BUT I'D HATE TO RELY ON AN  
ELEPHANT IN A **REAL** PINCH!



SOON AFTERWARD---

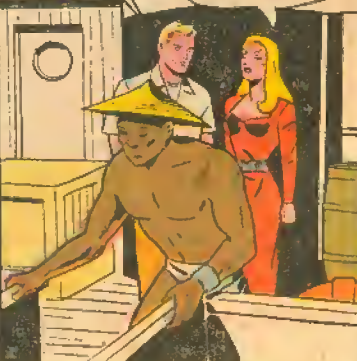
I SUPPOSE THERE'S MANY A  
CHARACTER AROUND HERE  
CARRYING THE TORCH FOR  
YOU, MOONLIGHT---BUT  
WHO ARE **THEY**?

**RODENSKI'S  
SCOUTS---**

WAITING TO  
ESCORT ME TO  
HIS CAMP FOR A FINAL  
BARGAINING SESSION  
ABOUT MY **GUNS**!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO SEE  
RODENSKI **ALONE**? BABY...ONE  
OF THESE DAYS YOU'RE GOING TO  
LEARN THAT TRUSTING A  
COMMUNIST  
DOESN'T  
PAY OFF!

I TOLD YOU ONCE  
**THAT** DOESN'T  
MATTER---AS LONG  
AS **RODENSKI**  
PAYS OFF!



I AM READY! TAKE THE HONORABLE  
ME TO RODENSKI! LADY MOONLIGHT  
DESERVES SPECIAL  
CONSIDERATION---



---AND OUR MASTER  
RODENSKI HAS ORDERED  
SHE BE **CARRIED**!



IT'S A TRICK!  
PILE OUT ON  
DECK!





STAGGER BACK TO RODENSKI, BUD  
---AND TELL HIM MOONLIGHT'S GOT  
A HEAVY DATE!



UNEXPECTEDLY...



THEY'VE GOT HER! FOR  
THE LOVE OF PETE...  
STOP THEM!



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?  
COME ON---WHILE THERE'S  
STILL A CHANCE OF OVER-  
TAKING THEM!



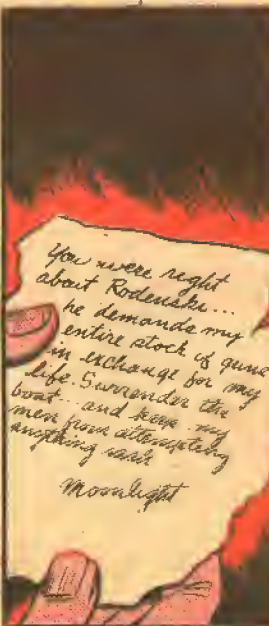
THAT MAY BE THE VERY  
THING RODENSKI EXPECTS  
US TO DO! HOW WOULD IT  
BENEFIT LADY MOONLIGHT  
---IF WE WERE TO RUSH  
INTO A MACHINE GUN  
AMBUSH?

FOR THREE HOURS, MITCH PACES  
THE DECK---AND THEN---

THREE NATIVES COMING WITH  
A TORCH---AND BY GOSH...  
THEY'RE THE SAME  
THREE WHO GRABBED  
MOONLIGHT!



You were right  
about Rodenski...  
he demands my  
entire stock of guns  
in exchange for my  
life. Surrender the  
boat... and keep my  
men from attempting  
anything rash.  
Moonlight



WELL, CHUM---GUESS THERE'S  
NO WAY OUT OF THIS  
SQUEEZE!

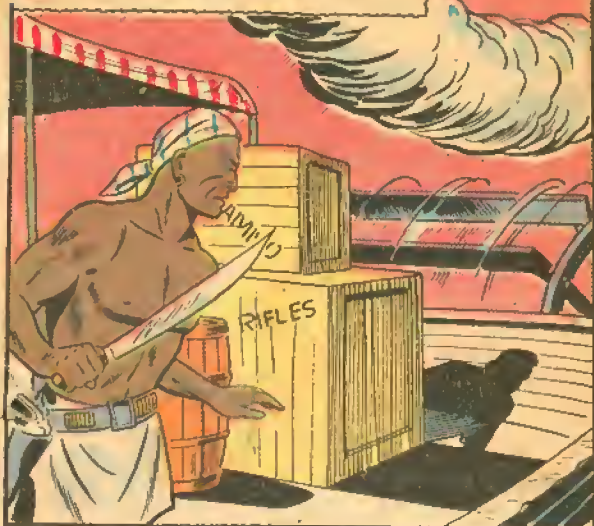
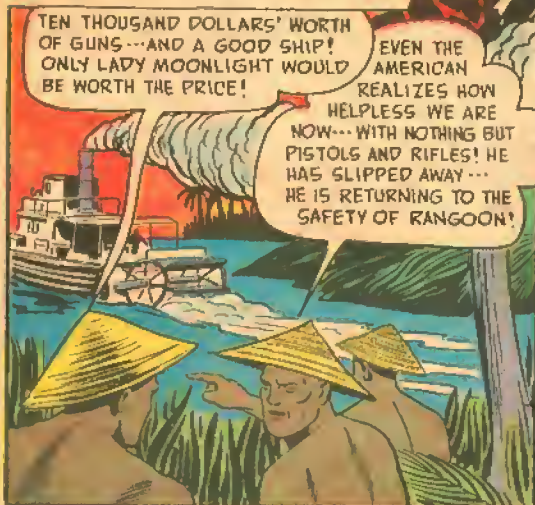
GET  
ASHORE!  
IF WE DO NOT  
BRING BOAT TO  
RODENSKI'S CAMP  
WITHIN A HALF-HOUR  
---MOONLIGHT  
DIES!





**M**INUTES LATER... AS MOONLIGHT'S MEN WATCH  
THEIR SHIP CHURN TOWARD MIDSTREAM...

**B**UT AT THAT MOMENT... ABOARD SHIP...



**S**OON AFTERWARD... AT RODENSKI'S CAMP...

RODENSKI NEVER RESORTS TO HALF MEASURES! OH-HO, YES... I WILL KEEP MY PROMISE... AND GIVE LITTLE MOONLIGHT THE UNLIMITED FREEDOM OF A **FIRING SQUAD!**



YOU LIAR! YOU SPAWN OF THE COBRA!

WHAT A PITY... WHAT A PITY THAT ONE SO BEAUTIFUL SHOULD HAVE TAKEN UP A TRADE SO UGLY! IT MEANS I MUST SNUFF OUT YOUR LIFE IN ORDER TO SNUFF OUT THE FLOW OF WEAPONS TO THE GROUPS THAT **OPPOSE A COMMUNIST BURMA!**









Then...IN A HEADLONG RUSH...



**A** HALF-HOUR LATER...

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO GUESS WHAT RODENSKI'S PLANS ARE! HE WON'T WASTE HIS ARSENAL ON PETTY RAIDS...HE'S CERTAIN TO STEAM DOWN RIVER AND ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE RANGOON...WHICH WILL GIVE HIM CONTROL OF ALL BURMA!

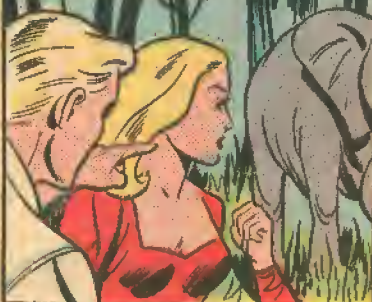
I NOTICE THERE'S A HIGH BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE RIVER...ABOUT TEN MILES FROM HERE! I'D BE WILLING TO TAKE A CHANCE ON STOPPING THE BOAT THERE...IF **YOU** COULD ONLY BEG, STEAL OR CAPTURE A SINGLE 30-MILLIMETER RAPID-FIRE GUN!

MIGHT AS WELL WISH FOR A SUBMARINE, MITCH! EVERY WEAPON WE'VE GOT, EXCEPT OUR PERSONAL SIDEARMS, IS NOW IN RODENSKI'S HANDS! NO, IT'S USELESS...WE HAVEN'T A THING BIG ENOUGH TO STOP HIM!



NOT EVEN THAMA?

THAMA! IF WE CAN GET TO THAT BLUFF SOON ENOUGH... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!



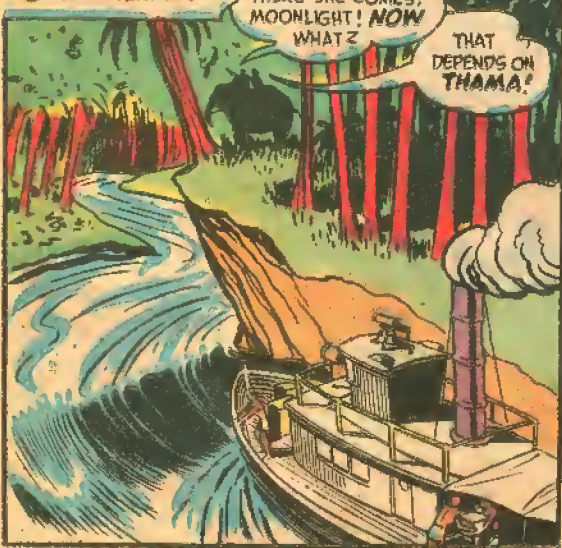
**I**N A WILD DASH THROUGH THE JUNGLE...



**S**OON AFTERWARD...

THERE SHE COMES, MOONLIGHT! NOW WHAT?

THAT DEPENDS ON THAMA!



PUSH AGAINST THE TREE, THAMA! PUSH IT DOWN!

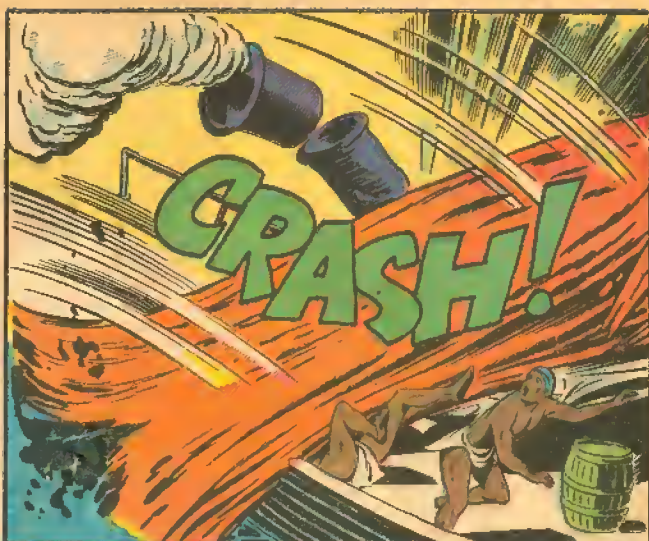






THE BOAT'S DIRECTLY  
BELOW! ALL OF YOU...  
GET READY!

CRRRAK!



CRASH!



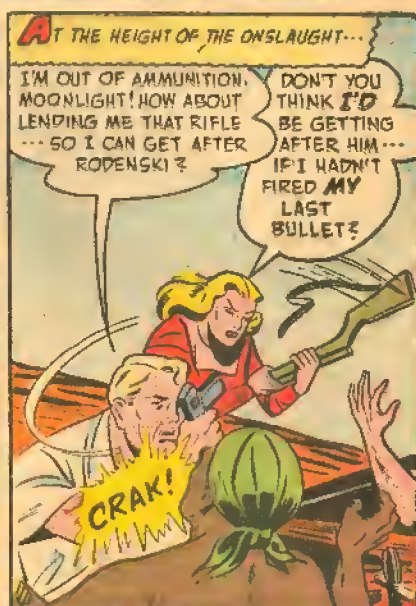
IN THE NEXT SECOND...

YOU CAN TELL RODENSKI  
FOR ME, BUD... WE  
WANT OUR SHIP!

BANG



BANG



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE ONSLAUGHT...

I'M OUT OF AMMUNITION.  
MOONLIGHT! HOW ABOUT  
LENDING ME THAT RIFLE  
... SO I CAN GET AFTER  
RODENSKI?

DON'T YOU  
THINK I'D  
BE GETTING  
AFTER HIM...  
IF I HADN'T  
FIRED MY  
LAST  
BULLET?

CRACK!



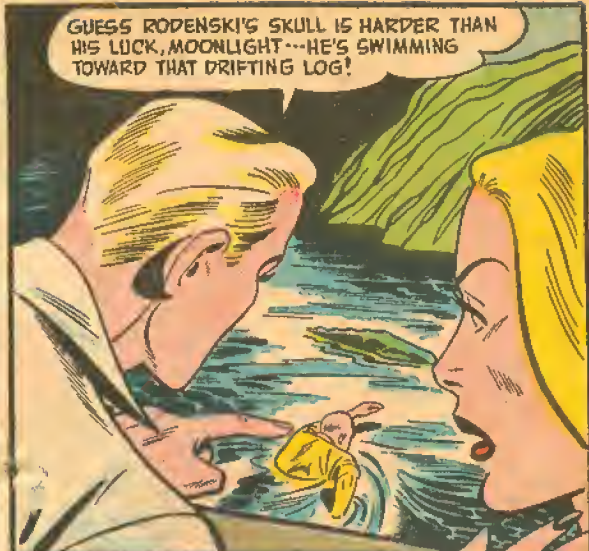
OH-HO... FINE! RODENSKI IS GIVING  
YOU BULLETS... DOZENS OF THEM...  
ENOUGH TO CUT YOU BOTH  
IN HALF!



RAT... I THINK I LIKE  
MYSELF BETTER IN  
ONE PIECE!

CLUNK!





**B**UT WITH RODENSKI'S  
NEXT STROKE...



MOONLIGHT  
---HELP ME!  
QUICK, QUICK  
---A ROPE!

LOGS ADRIPT IN THE IRRRAWADDY  
HAVE TERRIBLE **JAWS**, MITCH!

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO  
LOOK AFTER RODENSKI'S MEN  
NOW THAT THE BIG SHOT'S  
GONE! MAYB **THIS** WILL GET  
'EM HERDED  
TOGETHER!

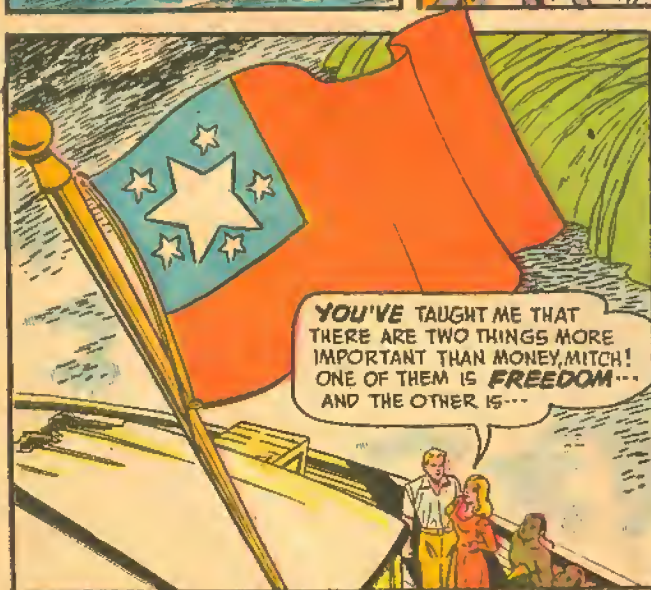


YAAAGH!

**M**OMENTS LATER...AS THE  
COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS  
SURRENDER...

DON'T TELL ME **YOU'RE**  
RUNNING UP THE BURMESE FLAG,  
MOONLIGHT! DOES THAT MEAN  
YOU'RE TEAMING UP WITH THE  
DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT FROM  
NOW ON?

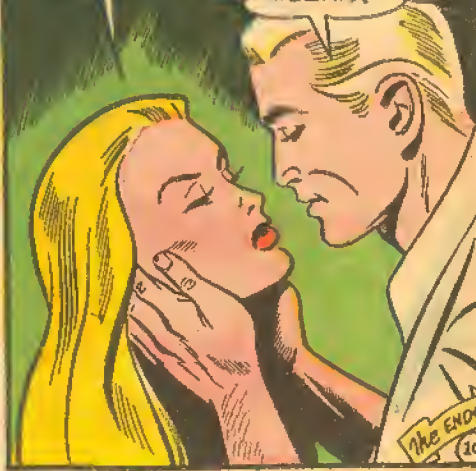
COULD BE! MY DEALINGS  
WITH RODENSKI HAVE PROVED  
THAT AS LONG AS THERE'S  
INTERNAL STRIFE IN BURMA  
---THE COMMUNISTS WILL  
BE LOOKING FOR A  
CHANCE TO TAKE  
OVER!



**YOU'VE** TAUGHT ME THAT  
THERE ARE TWO THINGS MORE  
IMPORTANT THAN MONEY, MITCH!  
ONE OF THEM IS **FREEDOM**...  
AND THE OTHER IS...

---WELL---CALL IT  
WHAT YOU LIKE!

BABY...**YOU'VE**  
SURE GOT A KNACK  
OF MAKING THINGS  
CLEAR!



THE END  
(10)



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of **HISTORY!**



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# PASSPORT to PERIL

COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT Hugh Corbin checked into the Hotel Parsee in Istanbul, registered...and watched the Turkish clerk's eyebrows go up as he read the name. Glancing back as he followed the swarthy bellhop up the stairs to his room, Hugh saw the clerk furtively speaking into the desk phone---and he knew that the intricate plot had been set into motion.

Hidden somewhere in the city, Hugh knew, was Dr. Ivor Czinczar, the famous Slavic atomic scientist who had recently escaped from behind the Iron Curtain and was now being sheltered by friends in Istanbul. Through many intermediaries, U. S. Counter-Espionage had learned of his desire to seek sanctuary in America---but Hugh also knew that there were *too many* intermediaries in spy-infested Istanbul. That was why the scientist's friends were exercising the utmost caution before they turned him over to anyone---because that "anyone" might be an agent of the dread secret police from whose clutches Czinczar had escaped. And that was why Hugh Corbin was the man selected to escort the scientist to America.

Czinczar's friends had said that they would hand him over only to the person who produced a genuine U. S. passport made out in the scientist's name---because they knew that authentic U. S. passports, genuine down to the last watermarked detail, without any forgeries or erasures, could be obtained only by a genuine U. S. official. So that the passport in Hugh's pocket was the only passport to Czinczar himself---and if it ever fell into the hands of the Iron Curtain secret police, *they* could present the passport to the scientist's colleagues and get him back in their clutches.

The chief thing worrying Hugh now as he sat in his room was that he had no idea who would soon be calling on him to guide him to Czinczar's hideout. There could

have been a leak in the plot anywhere from the desk clerk and the hotel operator down the line to Czinczar's friends. Hugh would *have to* be sure that the guide who would come for him would not lead him into an ambush on the way, steal the passport, and lure the scientist back into captivity---and certain death!"

A sudden knock on the door interrupted Hugh's reverie---and he opened the door to admit a cheerful, gangling American. "Corbin?" the man said, "Hiya---I'm Jim Cartwright, World-Wide Press reporter---and a friend of Czinczar's! I saw him only this morning---he's really anxious to get to the U. S. A.! Do you have the passport?"

"Sure thing," Hugh said, handing the passport over. "And I'm certainly glad they sent a fellow-American to guide me to Czinczar---I know I can trust *you*!"

Cartwright looked carefully through the passport, held it up to the light to examine the watermark, glanced at the photograph---and casually handed it back to Hugh. "Seems all right---come on, I'll guide you to Czinczar's hideaway. But we'll have to use the back alleys in case any of his enemies found out you're here!"

Hugh grinned. "You're one of those enemies, Cartwright! You forgot that no U. S. official ever saw Czinczar, and so we placed one of *Einstein's* old photos in the passport---until we could get Czinczar's picture and insert it! And if you were *really* a friend of Czinczar's and saw him this morning, then you would've *known* the passport wasn't all right! That proves you're just a traitorous American who sold out to the Iron Curtain police to lure me into an ambush in those back alleys---no, you *don't*!"

Hugh's fist lashed out, caught Cartwright in the solar plexus as he tried to draw a gun---and then Hugh laid him out cold with an uppercut. *Now*, he knew, he could wait for Czinczar's *real* friends to show up!



# JONATHAN KENT,

## ESPIONAGE ACE

HERE'S ANOTHER PHASE OF THE RED "PEACE" OFFENSIVE, CHIEF--THE ARREST OF A PROMINENT AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN, FRANK SUMTER, IN COMMUNIST-DOMINATED UVANIA! SUMTER'S BEEN CHARGED WITH ESPIONAGE--AND NOW, THREE DAYS AFTER HIS ARREST, RADIO UVANIA ANNOUNCES THAT HIS FULL CONFESSION CAN BE EXPECTED WITHIN A WEEK!

KENT, WE CHECKED CAREFULLY ON SUMTER BEFORE HE WAS GIVEN A VISA TO GO TO UVANIA--AND THE IDEA OF HIS BEING A SPY IS ABURD! IT'S THE USUAL RED PROPAGANDA--CREATING AN AMERICAN SPY SCARE IN EUROPE, SO THAT SLAVONIAN TROOPS CAN TAKE OVER THE "THREATENED" COUNTRIES!

THE AREA BEHIND COMMUNISM'S IRON CURTAIN IS A NETWORK OF MENACING MYSTERIES --AND THE MOST SINISTER OF ALL IS THE MYSTERY OF HOW "CONFESSIONS" ARE WRUNG FROM INNOCENT MEN! ANOTHER VICTIM IS ABOUT TO BABBLE A WILD STORY OF HIS GUILT IN A FANTASTIC "PLOT" AGAINST COMMUNISM--UNTIL JONATHAN KENT SEIZES UPON A DARING METHOD TO UNMASK A DIABOLICAL DEVICE OF RED PROPAGANDA!



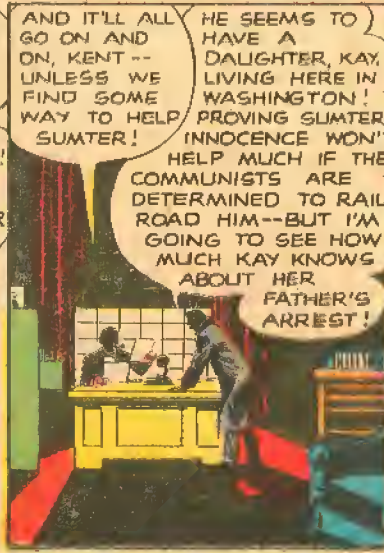
SURE, THE CHARGES AGAINST SUMTER ARE PURE BUNK--BUT HIS CASE WON'T BE ANY DIFFERENT THAN THE ONES THE COMMUNISTS HAVE BUILT UP IN THE PAST AGAINST DIPLOMATS, RELIGIOUS LEADERS, AND JOURNALISTS! THEY'LL MAKE SUMTER TALK--BECAUSE THEY'VE HAD LONG EXPERIENCE IN WRINGING SIMILAR "CONFESSIONS" FROM OTHER INNOCENT PRISONERS!

AND IT'LL ALL GO ON AND ON, KENT -- UNLESS WE FIND SOME WAY TO HELP SUMTER!

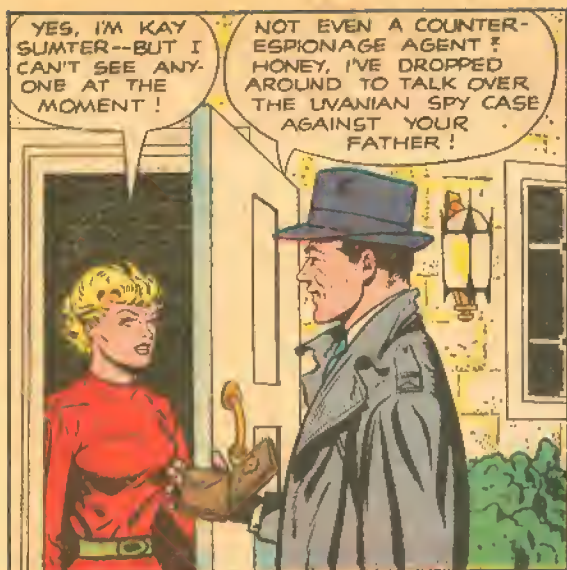
HE SEEMS TO HAVE A DAUGHTER, KAY, LIVING HERE IN WASHINGTON! PROVING SUMTER'S INNOCENCE WON'T HELP MUCH IF THE COMMUNISTS ARE DETERMINED TO RAILROAD HIM--BUT I'M GOING TO SEE HOW MUCH KAY KNOWS ABOUT HER FATHER'S ARREST!

SOON AFTERWARD--AT THE SUMTER HOME--

SPEAKING TO KAY MAY BE STRICTLY A WASTE OF TIME! I'VE GOT MY OWN WAY OF HELPING SUMTER --BUT IT'S A SURE BET THE CHIEF WILL NEVER O.K. IT!









**A MOMENT LATER--**

THEY'RE GONE! IT'S MY FAULT--BUT I WANTED TO WARN YOU!

I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT TRYING, SWEET-HEART--WHEN IT MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN BOTH OF US PLUGGED! BUT WHAT IN BLAZES WERE COMMUNIST AGENTS DOING HERE?



THE SPIES WANTED ONLY ONE THING--A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM CONTAINING PICTURES OF ME! THEY TOLD ME IT WOULD MEAN LENIENCY WHEN MY FATHER WAS SENTENCED FOR ESPIONAGE--BUT THAT HE'D DEFINITELY GO TO THE GALLOWS IF I REPORTED THEIR VISIT TO THE AUTHORITIES!



I'M POSITIVE THOSE COMMUNIST SPIES WEREN'T BLUFFING--SO I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP ANY HOPE OF EVER SEEING FATHER AGAIN!

BABY, THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SERVICE CAN'T WORK MIRACLES--BUT I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN'T TALK MY BULLHEADED CHIEF INTO LETTING ME PROVE YOU'RE WRONG!



**BACK AT HEADQUARTERS--**

YOU WANT TO GO TO UVANIA? BLAZES, KENT--YOU WOULDN'T GET WITHIN FIVE HUNDRED MILES OF COMMUNIST-HELD TERRITORY BEFORE THEIR SECURITY POLICE WOULD KNOW AN AMERICAN AGENT WAS ON HIS WAY!



YEP--AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'D WANT THEM TO THINK! THOSE RATS ARE HOLDING AN AMERICAN CITIZEN ON A TRUMPED-UP CHARGE--AND IT'S CLEAR THEY WANTED THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS OF KAY SUMTER AS PART OF THEIR PLAN TO WRING A CONFESSION FROM HER FATHER!



THERE'S NO USE TWIDDLING OUR THUMBS AND TRYING TO GUESS HOW THE COMMUNISTS GET THOSE CONFESSIONS--WHEN THE FACT THAT I'VE BLUNDERED INTO THE CASE MAY COST SUMTER HIS LIFE! I WANT TO SAVE HIM BY LEARNING WHAT'S BEHIND THESE PHONY TRIALS--AND PUBLICIZING THE FACTS SO THAT THE SLAVONIANS WON'T BE ABLE TO TRY IT AGAIN!



THAT WOULD BE THE IDEAL SOLUTION, KENT--IF YOU COULD GET PAST SEVERAL THOUSAND COMMUNIST AGENTS WHILE YOU WENT AFTER IT!

I DON'T EXPECT TO GET PAST THEM, CHIEF! I WANT TO ROUND UP MY INFORMATION FIRSTHAND--BY GETTING MYSELF ARRESTED FOR ESPIONAGE!



THE SPIES WHO CAME TO SEE KAY ALREADY KNOW MY NAME--AND THE FACT THAT I LEARNED WHAT THEY WERE AFTER! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BEAM A SHORT WAVE BULLETIN OVER THAT WAVE LENGTH THE SLAVONIANS HAVE BEEN TAPPING FOR SEVERAL MONTHS! SO FAR, WE'VE BEEN FEEDING THEM A LOT OF FAKE INFORMATION AND BUM STEERS--BUT THIS TIME, THEY'RE GOING TO GET IT STRAIGHT!





**NEXT NIGHT,**  
A MESSAGE  
IS INTER-  
CEPTED AT  
AN OLD CASTLE  
ON THE  
OUTSKIRTS OF  
A UVANIAN  
CITY--NOW  
THE MOST  
DREADED  
BUILDING IN  
MID-EUROPE  
--THE HEAD-  
QUARTERS  
OF THE  
SLAVONIAN  
SECRET  
POLICE!



**INSIDE--WITH EVERY INCH OF THE BARE WALLS**  
A SILENT WITNESS OF WHAT BEFALLS THE  
VICTIMS OF COMMUNIST TYRANNY--

IT WON'T WORK--IT  
WON'T WORK! YOU  
CAN UNDERMINE MY  
SANITY AND BREAK  
MY WILL POWER--  
BUT I WON'T  
CONFESS!



COME, COME, MR. SUMTER--IS THAT ANY WAY  
TO TALK? HAVE YOU BEEN MISTREATED--HAS  
ANYONE HERE SO MUCH AS SPOKEN HARSHLY TO  
YOU? CAN YOU EVEN SAY YOU HAVE BEEN  
DRUGGED--WHEN I, COLONEL MAXIMOV, PERMIT  
YOU TO DINE WITH MY OWN GUARDS?

SO YOU ARE MAX-  
IMOV--THE HEART-  
LESS DEMON WHO  
WAS ASSIGNED  
TO GET MY  
CONFESSION!



**AT THAT MOMENT--**

EXCUSE THE INTERRUPTION,  
COLONEL--BUT OUR RADIO  
MONITOR JUST PICKED UP  
A MESSAGE YOU MAY  
WISH TO ACT ON!

"AGENT JONATHAN  
KENT WILL LAND  
ONE MILE SOUTH  
OF TEMPLANA AT  
FIFTEEN HOURS  
APRIL THIRD! BE  
ON HAND TO ASSIST!"  
...AH, YES, CAPTAIN--WE  
WILL ACT ON THIS MOST  
THOROUGHLY!



**FEW DAYS LATER--NEAR  
THE ROAD TO TEMPLANA--**

LOOK--THE  
AMERICAN  
AGENT IS  
PUNCTUAL,  
LUBINA!

YES--AND FOOL-  
HARDY! HE IS  
JEOPARDIZING  
ALL OF US RE-  
PUBLICAN GUER-  
RILLAS BY LANDING  
SO CLOSE TO THE SECRET  
POLICE HEAD-  
QUARTERS!



I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON  
THE SLAVONIANS TO INTER-  
CEPT OUR RADIO MESSAGE  
TO A NON-EXISTENT AGENT!  
I'LL BE LANDING SMACK IN  
THE MIDDLE OF THEM IN AN-  
OTHER MINUTE--AND I HOPE  
THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY  
NEW DIRECTIVES ABOUT  
SHOOTING SPIES ON  
SIGHT!



**THEN--AS JONATHAN LANDS--**

HOLY SMOKE--THEY'RE FRIENDLY  
GUERRILLAS! I'VE ARRANGED  
TO GET MYSELF CAUGHT--AND  
IT MEANS SETTING  
A TRAP FOR THEM!





AS THE GUERRILLAS RUSH FORWARD--

BLAZES--HERE COMES A SLAVONIAN COMMAND CAR! I CAN'T SHOUT A WARNING WITHOUT REVEALING I'M NOT ALONE--AND ONCE THEY REACH ME, THE GUERRILLAS WON'T STAND A CHANCE OF ESCAPING!



SURELY THAT AMERICAN AGENT CAN'T MISTAKE US FOR COMMUNISTS! IS HE CRAZY?

THERE IS SOMETHING VERY PECULIAR GOING ON! WATCH!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!



WELL--THAT'S THAT! I HAD HALF A MIND TO SHOOT IT OUT-- BUT I GUESS IT'S USELESS!

A VERY WISE DECISION, MR. KENT!



SCREEEECH!

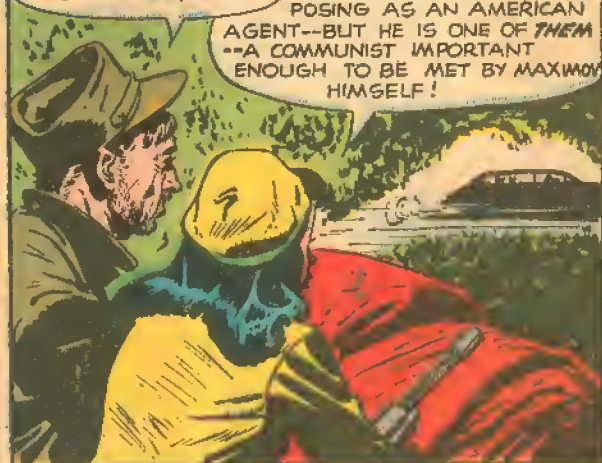
SO YOU KNOW MY NAME ALREADY, EH? THAT'S FAST WORK, BUD!

MERELY THE COURTESY WE TRY TO EXTEND TO ALL AMERICAN SPIES! YOU HAVE UNDOUBTEDLY COME TO LIVANIA TO PICK UP INFORMATION--AND WE ARE GOING TO GIVE YOU EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN ABOUT OUR LATEST MILITARY DEVELOPMENTS BEFORE YOUR TRIAL! ARE YOU READY TO LEAVE?



HE WAS WAITING FOR THAT DOG MAXIMOV TO PICK HIM UP! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, LUBINA!

NOTHING IS UNBELIEVABLE WHEREVER COMMUNISTS SPREAD THEIR SLIMY INTRIGUES! KENT MAY BE POSING AS AN AMERICAN AGENT--BUT HE IS ONE OF THEM--A COMMUNIST IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO BE MET BY MAXIMOV HIMSELF!



MINUTES LATER--

NOW IT'S GOING TO START GETTING RUGGED! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT WITHOUT REVEALING THE REAL REASON FOR MY COMING TO LIVANIA--AND SOMEHOW GET NEXT TO SUMMER LONG ENOUGH TO ARRANGE AN ESCAPE FOR US BOTH!



SOON AFTERWARD--IN THE SPRAWLING CASTLE COURT--

OUR LATEST MODEL ILYUSHIN FIGHTER! IT SENDS OUT SHOCK WAVES TIMED TO THE JET BURSTS OF YOUR MUSTANGS--WHICH WILL BE TORN APART BEFORE THEY ARE WITHIN GUN RANGE!

LISTEN, CHUM--ALL THIS IS VERY INTERESTING, BUT WHAT'S THE ANGLE? I DON'T WANT TO SEEM RUDE--BUT HOSPITALITY AND EXECUTION SQUADS ARE A PRETTY QUEER COMBINATION!



YOU ARE WAITING TO BE QUESTIONED, EH? YOU ARE PERHAPS GETTING A LITTLE NERVOUS, WONDERING WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU? BUT NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU, MR. KENT! YOU WILL SEE EVERYTHING-- YOU WILL RECEIVE EVERY CONSIDERATION--AND THEN YOU WILL SIGN A CONFESSION!





IN THE NEXT INSTANT--AS THE PILOT FLICKS A SWITCH  
IN THE SEALED COCKPIT--



THEN--AS THE PLANE ENGINE WHINES TO A HALT--



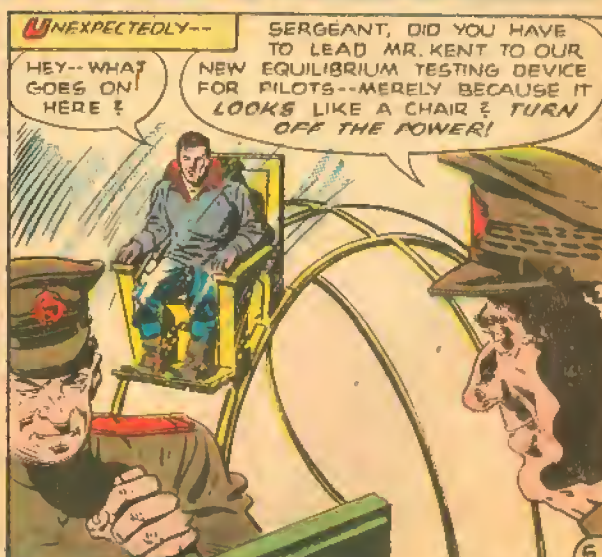
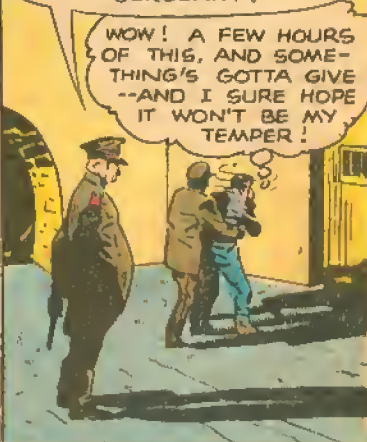
A MOMENT LATER-- HERE IS AN-  
OTHER DEVICE  
THAT WILL INTEREST YOU! AS YOU  
CAN GUESS, TEN THOUSAND  
CANDLE POWER ANTI-AIRCRAFT  
SEARCHLIGHTS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN  
A PROBLEM--  
ESPECIALLY WITH  
A LARGE,  
VULNERABLE  
LENS!



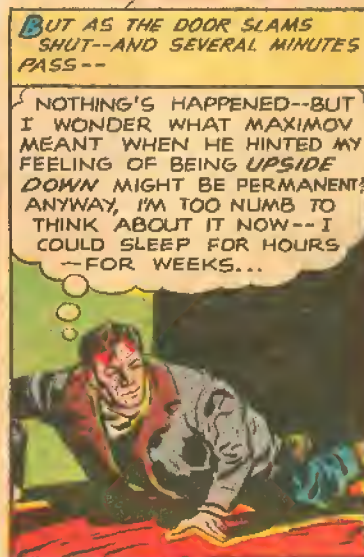
BUT THIS IS THE NEW  
PORTABLE SEARCHLIGHT I  
MEAN TO HAVE YOU SEE,  
MR. KENT!



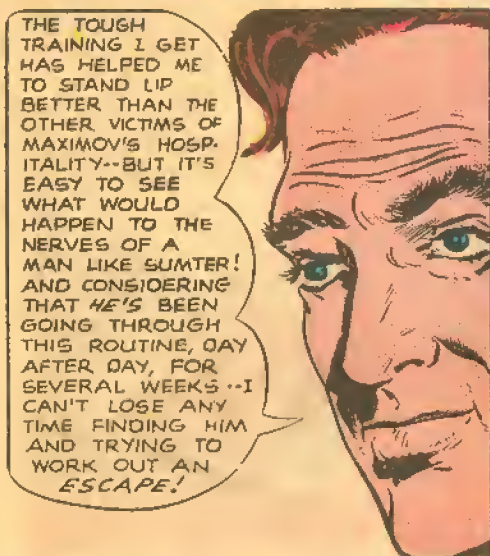
HOW THOUGHTLESS OF ME--  
TO HAVE POINTED THE BEAM  
STRAIGHT AT YOU! HELP MR.  
KENT INSIDE TO A CHAIR,  
SERGEANT!













JONATHAN--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY COMMUNIST AGENTS BOTHERED TO KIDNAP ME! NOW THAT I'VE BEEN FLOWN TO UVANIA--ALL COLONEL MAXIMOV SEEMS TO HAVE IN MIND IS THE NEW SECRET ARMY EQUIPMENT HE'S READY TO SHOW ME!

LOOK, RAT--I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR GIVING ME THE BUSINESS--BUT WHY KAY? ALL YOU'VE WANTED FROM HER WERE THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS...

FOR A SECOND, JONATHAN STOPS SHORT--JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR A SUDDEN REALIZATION!

WHAT'S THE USE, BABY--I CAN SEE WHAT MAXIMOV HAS IN MIND! HIS SPIES PROBABLY TRICKED YOU INTO REVEALING I WAS COMING TO UVANIA--AND NOW MAXIMOV THINKS YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU DO!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO TELL THEM, JONATHAN--BUT I WAS SO SCARED WHEN THEY RUSHED ME TO THE PLANE, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS SAYING! I'M STILL CONFUSED--BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PERSUADE THEM TO LET US SEE FATHER!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO HAND OUT A LITTLE OF THAT CONSIDERATION YOU MENTIONED, MAXIMOV! I WANT TO SPEAK TO KAY ALONE!

CERTAINLY--I WOULDN'T THINK OF INTRUDING! TAKE AS LONG AS YOU WANT--AND IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF BEING OVERHEARD, TALK IN WHISPERS!

A MOMENT LATER--

KAY, YOU'RE PLAYING RIGHT INTO MAXIMOV'S HANDS BY ASKING TO SEE YOUR FATHER! DON'T YOU REALIZE IT'LL WRECK WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS MORALE--TO SEE AN AMERICAN AGENT IN MY CONDITION? HIS LAST RESISTANCE TO MAXIMOV'S WAR OF NERVES WOULD GIVE WAY --AND THE REDS WOULD HAVE THE CONFESSIONS THEY'VE WANTED!

I KNOW YOU CAN'T FEEL ANY OTHER WAY ABOUT IT, JONATHAN --BUT I'D BE READY TO CONFESS ANYTHING IF IT MEANT HELPING FATHER!

COME ON--MAXIMOV WANTS YOU!

LET ME GO! I CAN'T LEAVE KAY ALONE--I CAN'T LET YOU MAKE HER A NERVOUS WRECK!

I HAVE ALL I CAN DO TO KEEP MYSELF FROM PUSHING THAT FAT FACE IN--BUT NOW WOULD BE A BAD TIME TO DROP MY ACT--JUST WHEN THINGS ARE STARTING TO GO MY WAY!

MR. KENT, I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LIMITING YOUR SOCIAL ACTIVITY! NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD A RE-UNION WITH KAY SUMTER--IT'S TIME YOU MET HER FATHER!

JUST A MEETING OF TWO CHATTERING WRECKS, EH? YOU OUGHT TO ENJOY THAT, RAT!

IN A SMALL ROOM DEEP INSIDE THE CASTLE--

YOU'RE KENT--THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT THEY CAPTURED! THEY TOLD ME ABOUT YOU--THEY TOLD ME THEY'VE GOT KAY...

TAKE IT EASY, SUMTER!



AS THE GUARD'S FOOTSTEPS FADE IN THE CORRIDOR--

NOW LISTEN! MAXIMOV EXPECTS YOU TO REACH A BREAKING POINT BY HAVING ME TOTTER IN--AND THEN HAVING KAY PLEAD WITH YOU TO SIGN THAT CONFESSION! BUT GET THIS STRAIGHT--I'M NOT THE FOOL MAXIMOV THINKS I AM--AND THE GIRL ISN'T KAY!

ARE YOU AN AMERICAN AGENT? I KNOW SHE'S KAY --I WAS WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW WHEN SHE GOT OUT OF THE CAR!

YOU'RE ONE OF MAXIMOV'S MEN--AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S TRYING TO DRIVE ME TO THE BREAKING POINT!

SLAP!

SORRY, SUMTER--BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! THE GIRL IS KAY'S **DOUBLE**--CHOSEN AFTER THE SLAVONIANS MADE A CAREFUL STUDY OF THE DOZENS OF PHOTOGRAPHS THEY STOLE FROM YOUR HOME! I PROVED IT WHEN SHE APOLOGIZED FOR HAVING REVEALED I WAS COMING TO LIVANIA--**SOMETHING KAY DIDN'T KNOW!**

I BELIEVE YOU, KENT--NOT THAT IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE! IF **THIS** SCHEME BACKFIRES, MAXIMOV WILL TRY SOMETHING ELSE--HE'LL KEEP SUBJECTING US TO ONE PSYCHO-

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO OUTFOX MAXIMOV BY PRETENDING TO BE MUCH FARTHER GONE THAN WE REALLY ARE--AND WATCH FOR THE ONE SUP-UP THAT WILL GIVE US A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

US TO ONE PSYCHOLOGICAL SHOCK AFTER ANOTHER--UNTIL WE **BOTH** SIGN FANTASTIC CONFESSIONS!

**SUDDENLY--**

I'M SORRY, KENT--BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO OPEN YOUR PACKAGE!

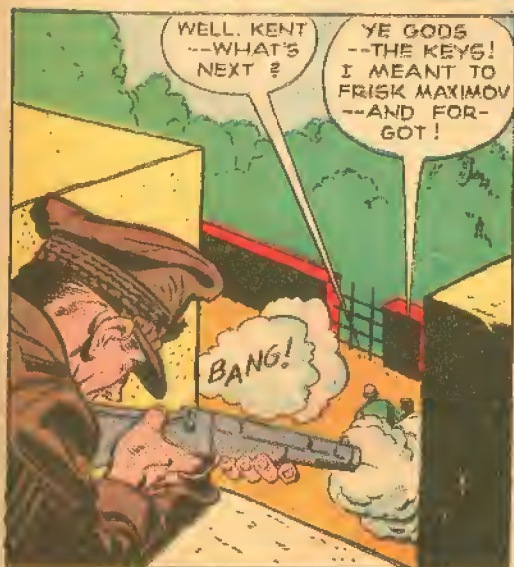
PACKAGE!  
FOR ME?

IT'S OUR POLICY TO PERMIT KIND-HEARTED CITIZENS OF TEMPLANA TO LEAVE GIFT PARCELS FOR OUR PRISONERS --ESPECIALLY SINCE IT CREATES THE RIGHT KIND OF PROPAGANDA ABOUT COMMUNIST BENEVOLENCE! FORTUNATELY, THE GIRL WHO LEFT THIS PACKAGE FOR YOU WAS SPOTTED AS SHE DROVE OFF--AND IDENTIFIED AS A NOTORIOUS **GUERRILLA LEADER!**

DID YOU SAY A **GIRL** GUERRILLA LEADER?

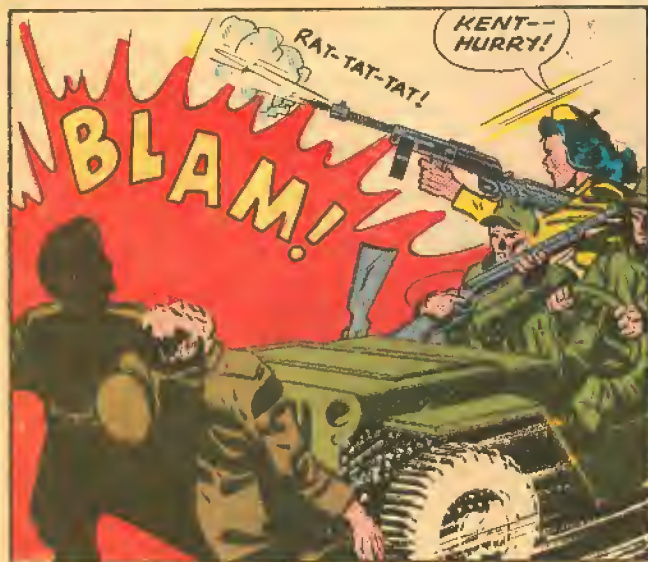
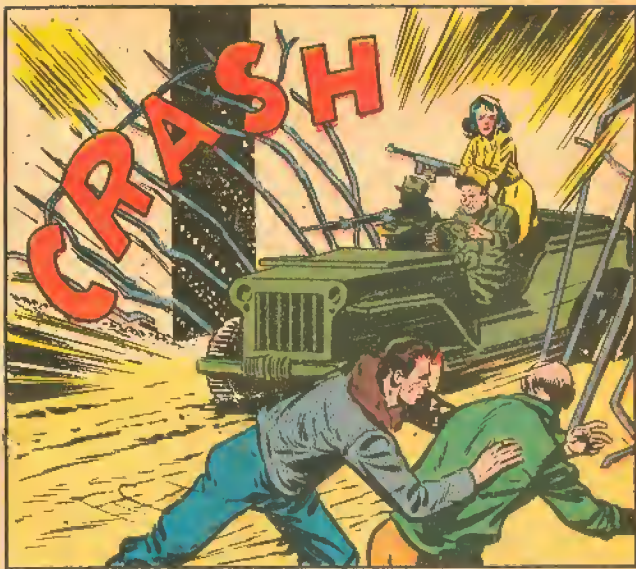
EXACTLY! I WONDER WHAT SHE TRIED TO ASSIST YOU WITH, KENT! IT FEELS HEAVY--DO YOU SUPPOSE IT COULD BE WEAPONS OF SOME KIND?







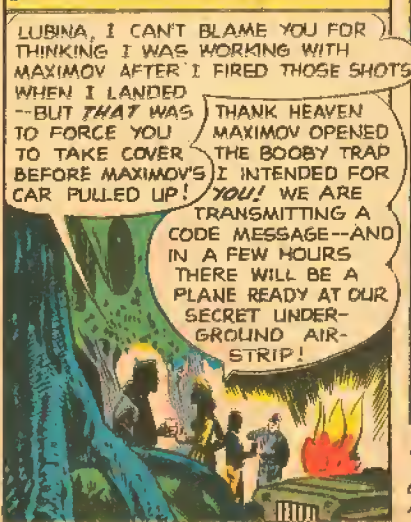
**A MOMENT LATER--**



**WITHIN A FEW MINUTES--**



**IN THE GUERRILLA CAMP--**



**SEVERAL DAYS LATER--BACK IN WASHINGTON--**



**JONATHAN KENT SMASHES ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO UNDERMINE DEMOCRACY--IN THE NEXT ISSUE!**

**The End**



# GUNPLAY *in the* GULF



JOE HARVEY



DINGDONG



FELIPE

**B**ARELY A DOZEN SHIPS A YEAR ENTER THE SEVEN HUNDRED MILE STRETCH OF BLAZING WATER KNOWN AS THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA--WHERE SOLITARY SEA BIRDS WHEEL ABOVE THE FOAMING TRACKS OF HUNTING SHARKS! BUT THERE'S A MENACE FAR DEADLIER THAN SHARKS HAUNTING THIS OUT-POST OF THE SEA--AND THE CREW OF THE "ABALONE" RAM INTO IT FULL TILT WHEN THEY ENCOUNTER GUNPLAY IN THE GULF!

ONE AFTERNOON--ON THE WHARF AT GUAYMAS--

YESSIR, DINGDONG--BUYING THE OLD WHALER THAT'S BEEN TIED UP HERE FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

I'M GOING TO HATE TO GIVE UP THE "ABALONE," JOE-- BUT THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO MAKE SHARK FISHING PAY WHEN YOU CAN CROWD ONLY FIVE OR SIX BIG ONES ABOARD A FIFTY-FOOTER!



HOPE CAPTAIN GOMEZ IS IN A MOOD TO BARGAIN, DINGDONG! WE'VE HAD OUR EYE ON THAT WHALER FOR THREE YEARS--AND IT'S TAKEN A HEAP OF SHARKS TO SCRAPE TOGETHER THE SMALL AMOUNT OF CASH WE CAN OFFER HIM!







GOSH ALMIGHTY, JOE--THE MOORING LINES HAVE SNAPPED! THE SHIP'S DRIFTING OUT INTO THE GULF!

GOMEZ WILL BE IN A FINE PICKLE IF FIRE BREAKS OUT MEANWHILE! I'M GOING TO GET HIM OFF!



GOOD THING THAT GUN WASN'T READY FOR BUSINESS! THE DYNAMITE CHARGE IN THE HARPOON WOULD HAVE FLATTENED GOMEZ LIKE A TORTILLA!



CAN YOU MAKE IT, JOE?

YEP! I'M JUST TRYING TO FIGURE HOW THAT HAPPENED!



A MOMENT LATER--

IMPOSSIBLE, AMIGO--

WELL, IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A BOILER EXPLOSION--BECAUSE THE SHIP DIDN'T HAVE STEAM UP! THAT LEAVES JUST ONE EXPLANATION--SABOTAGE!

THERE HAS BEEN NO ONE ABOARD BUT MYSELF! BESIDES, WHO WOULD BOTHER TO SABOTAGE AN OLD SHIP LIKE THAT-- WORTH ONLY A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS?



SOON AFTERWARD--

CHEER UP, JOE! IF THE WHALER'S BULKHEADS HOLD, MAYBE SHE WON'T SINK AFTER SHE NOSES OUT INTO THE GULF! AND ANYWAY--WOULDN'T IT BE KIND OF HARD FOR ALL THREE OF US TO GIVE UP THE "ABALONE"?

SKIP IT...

HEY, FELIPE--GET ON THE HELM! WE'RE PUTTING OUT!

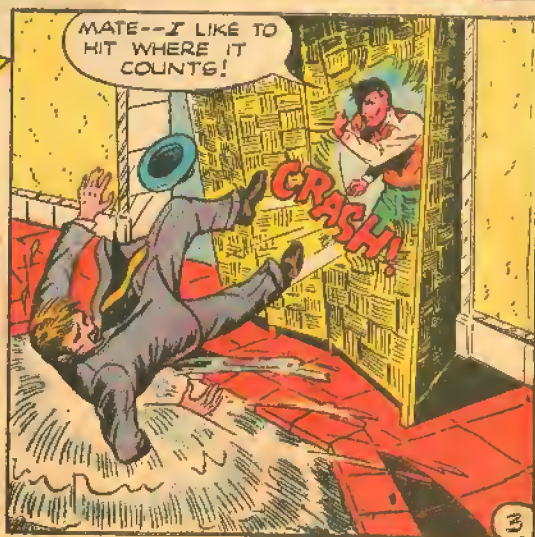


WHERE IN THUNDER IS FELIPE?

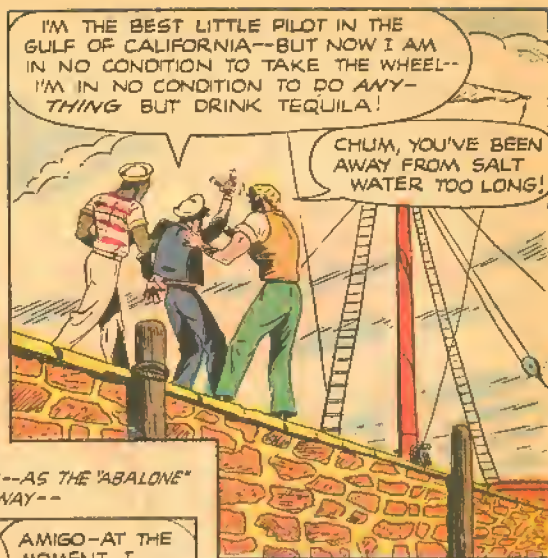
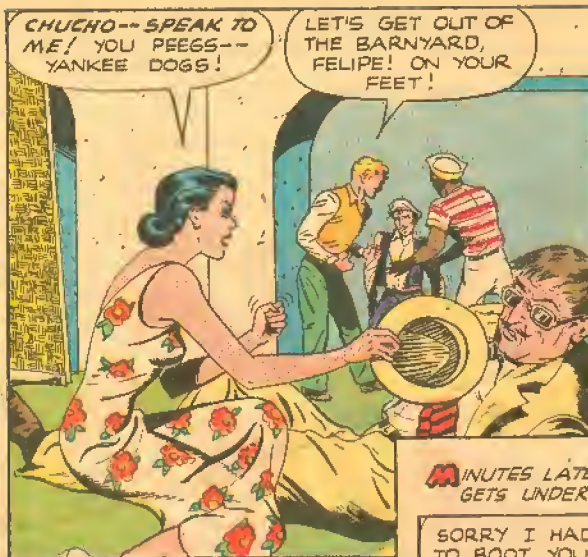
JOE, I DIDN'T WANT TO MENTION SOMETHING THAT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS--BUT WHEN I WALKED DOWN THE WHARF TO MEET YOU, I NOTICED A GIRL COME ABOARD! I'LL BET HE LEFT WITH HER!











**M**INUTES LATER--AS THE "ABALONE" GETS UNDER WAY--



SORRY I HAD TO BOOT YOU INTO THE DRINK, FELIPE--BUT WE COULDN'T CLEAR PORT UNTIL WE CLEARED YOUR HEAD!

AMIGO--AT THE MOMENT I COULD KICK MYSELF! I REMEMBER THE GIRL ORDERING DREENK, AFTER DREENK--I REMEMBER HER HEENTING SHE HAD SOME KIND OF JOB TO OFFER--BUT WHY? WHY?



STILL DREEFTING! THE TIDE WILL PROBABLY TAKE HER OUT AS FAR AS RONCADOR REEF BEFORE SHE RUNS AGROUND!



**T**HAT NIGHT-- WE'VE GOT THE WATERS AROUND TIBURON ISLAND WELL SHARKED OUT, FELIPE! SUPPOSE WE HEAD FURTHER NORTH THIS TIME?







HOLY SMOKE--  
WHERE'D HE  
COME FROM?

YAAAGH!



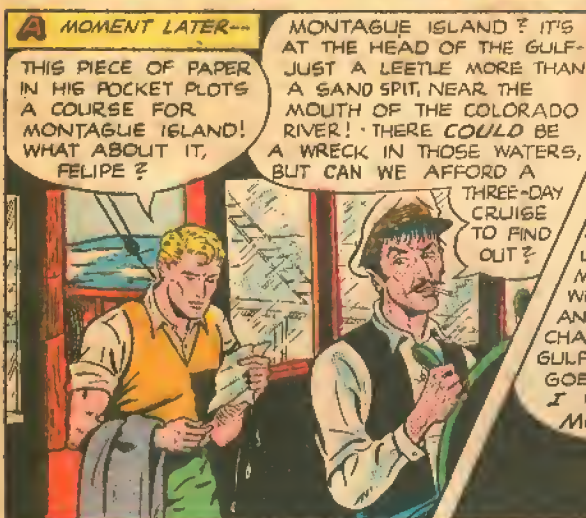
I DIDN'T SPOT  
HIM UNTIL AFTER  
HE YELLED-- THE  
SHARK MUST  
HAVE JUST  
SIGHTED  
HIM!

IT'S MOVING AWAY--  
AND DRAGGING THAT  
POOR DEVIL WITH IT!  
PRETTY STRANGE--  
I'VE ALWAYS MAN-  
AGED TO STOP SHARKS  
NEARLY THAT BIG WITH  
A SINGLE  
BULLET!



TONIGHT I HAVE LEARNED  
SOMETHING, AMIGOS! ALWAYS I  
HAVE HEARD THE SHARKS IN  
THE GULF ARE NOT MAN-EATERS,  
BUT NO MORE SWEEMING FOR  
FELIPE!

HALF SPEED, FELIPE!  
HIS SHIRT'S AFLOAT--  
AND IF HE WAS SHIP-  
WRECKED, MAYBE WE  
CAN LEARN  
SOMETHING!



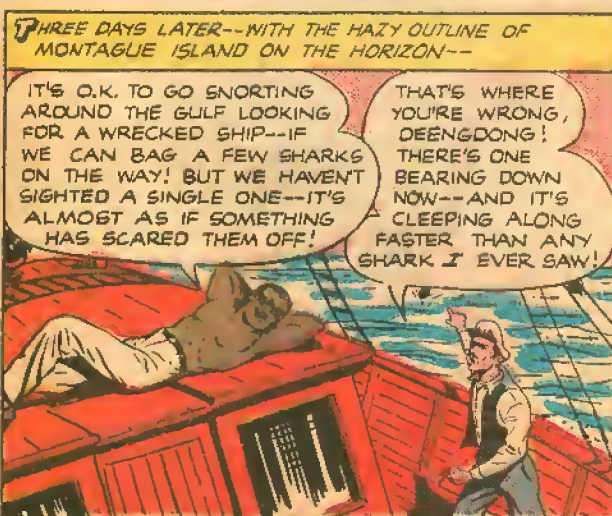
A MOMENT LATER--

THIS PIECE OF PAPER  
IN HIS POCKET PLOTS  
A COURSE FOR  
MONTAGUE ISLAND!  
WHAT ABOUT IT,  
FELIPE?

MONTAGUE ISLAND? IT'S  
AT THE HEAD OF THE GULF--  
JUST A LITTLE MORE THAN  
A SAND SPIT, NEAR THE  
MOUTH OF THE COLORADO  
RIVER! THERE COULD BE  
A WRECK IN THOSE WATERS,  
BUT CAN WE AFFORD A

THREE-DAY  
CRUISE  
TO FIND  
OUT?

FELIPE--TAKE A LOOK  
AT WHAT'S HAPPENED IN  
THE PAST FEW HOURS!  
THE WHALER WE WANTED  
TO BUY EXPLODES--AND  
FOUR SHADY CHARACTERS  
TRY TO SHANGHAI YOU  
INTO A MYSTERIOUS JOB!  
WE MEET AN OVERSIZED  
SHARK THAT BULLETS  
CAN'T STOP--DRAGGING  
UNDER A MAN WHO'S  
MILES FROM ANYWHERE  
WITHOUT A LIFE JACKET--  
AND HE'S CARRYING A  
CHART FOR A PART OF THE  
GULF THAT NO SHIP EVER  
GOES TO! YESSIR, AMIGO,  
I WANT A LOOK AT  
MONTAGUE ISLAND!



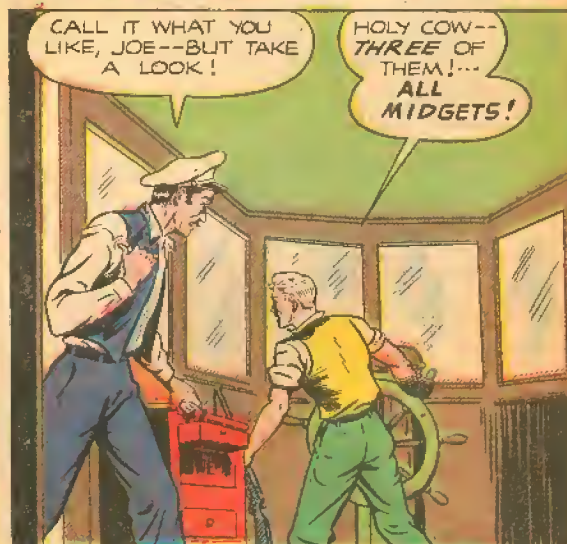
THAT'S WHERE  
YOU'RE WRONG,  
DEENGDOING!  
THERE'S ONE  
BEARING DOWN  
NOW--AND IT'S  
CREEPING ALONG  
FASTER THAN ANY  
SHARK I'VE EVER SAW!



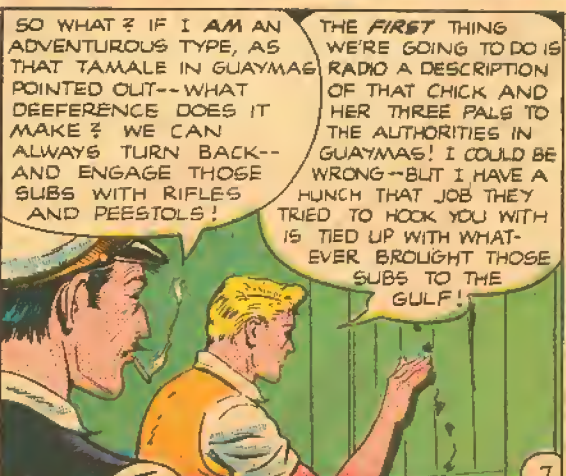
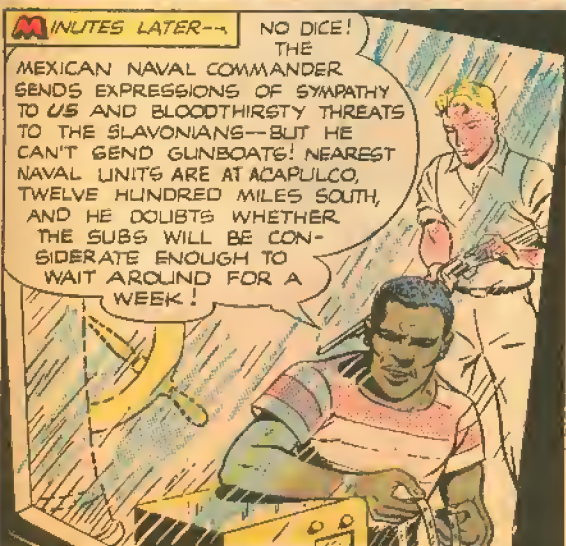
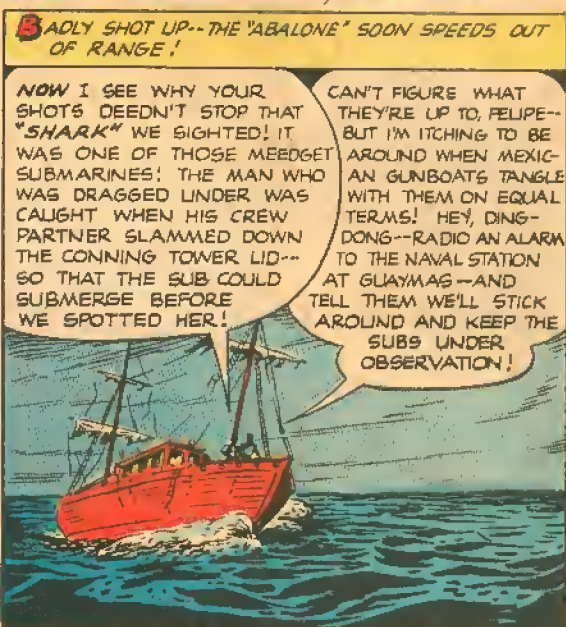
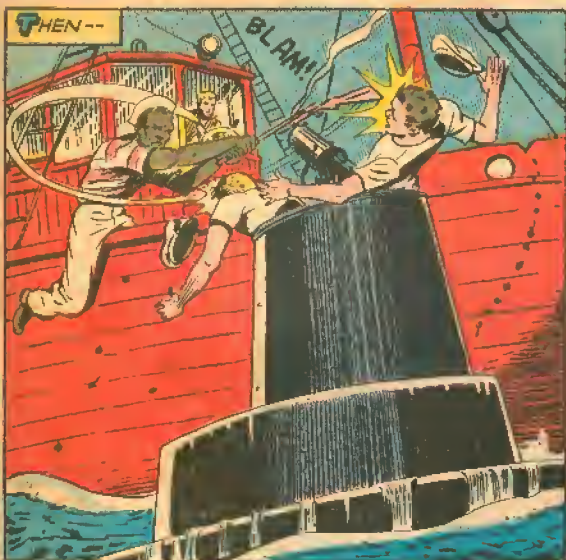
HOLY COW--WHAT  
KIND OF CRITTER  
IS THAT?



PHEN-- A SPLIT SECOND AFTER JOE FIRES--





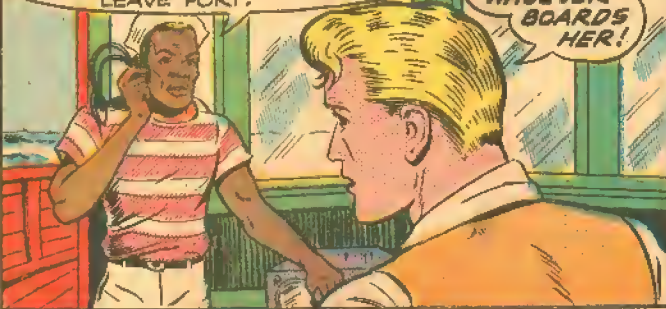


THE FIRST THING WE'RE GOING TO DO IS RADIO A DESCRIPTION OF THAT CHICK AND HER THREE PALS TO THE AUTHORITIES IN GUAYMAS! I COULD BE WRONG--BUT I HAVE A HUNCH THAT JOB THEY TRIED TO HOOK YOU WITH IS TIED UP WITH WHAT-EVER BROUGHT THOSE SUBS TO THE GULF!



I *STILL* WISH WE COULD SETTLE THOSE SUBS ON OUR OWN--NOT ONLY BECAUSE THEY'RE COMMUNISTS, BUT FOR PERSONAL REASONS! MAKES MY KNUCKLES ITCH WHEN I THINK HOW THEY TORPEDOED THAT WHALER. WE WANTED TO BUY--JUST TO MAKE SURE IT WOULDN'T LEAVE PORT!

HOLY SMOKE-- THE WHALER! IF SHE'S DRIFTED NINE MILES OUT OF GUAYMAS-- SHE CAN BE SALVAGED BY WHOEVER BOARDS HER!



THAT'S *SOMETHING*-- AN OLD TUB WITH HER INSIDES BLOWN APART BY A TORPEDO?

SURE--BUT I'M THINKING OF SOMETHING THAT'S *OUTSIDE* AND *INTACT*-- HER HARPOON GUN!



**A**BOARD THE DRIFTING WHALER--

UHH! JOEY BOY--I SURE HOPE THIS IS GOING TO BE WORTH THE TROUBLE!

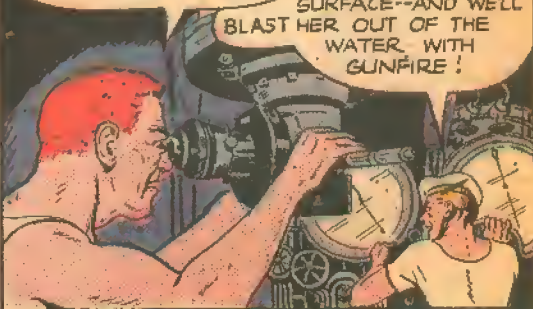
TAKE IT FROM ME, DINGDONG-- ANYTHING IS WORTH THE KIND OF TROUBLE THESE DYNAMITE HARPOONS CAN DISH OUT!



**T**WO DAYS LATER--AS THE MIDGET SUBS CRUISE UNDERWATER NEAR MONTAGUE ISLAND--

A..B..A..L..--ABALONE! IT'S THAT LITTLE SLOOP AGAIN--BEARING DOWN!

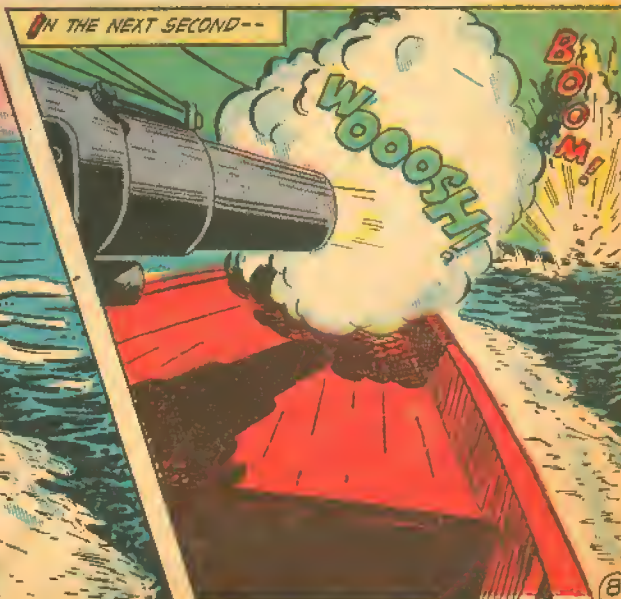
SHE'S NOT WORTH A TORPEDO! RADIO THE OTHERS TO SURFACE--AND WE'LL BLAST HER OUT OF THE WATER WITH GUNFIRE!



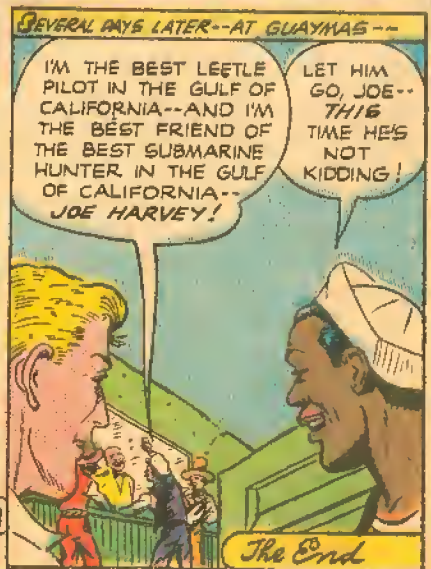
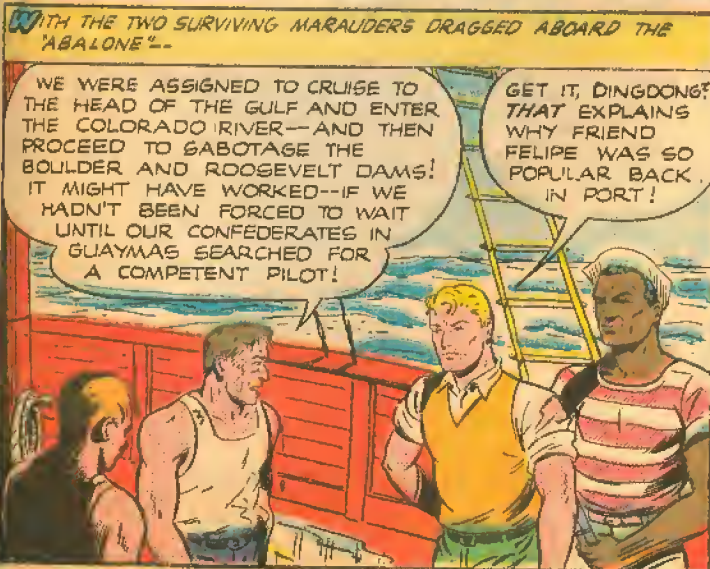
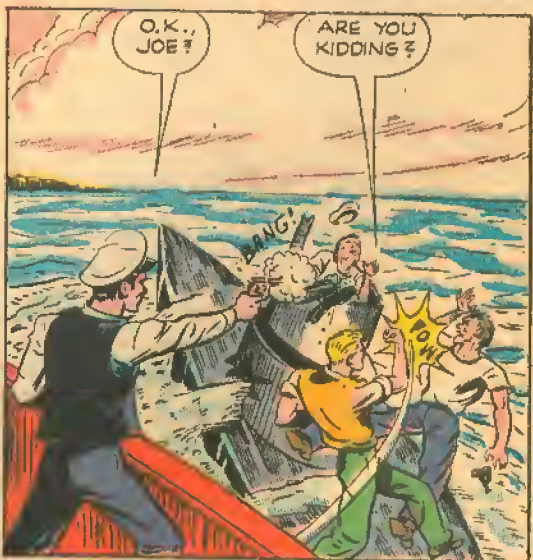
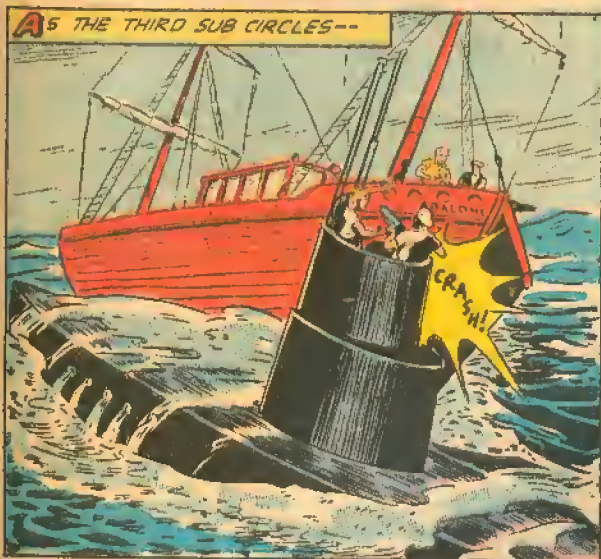
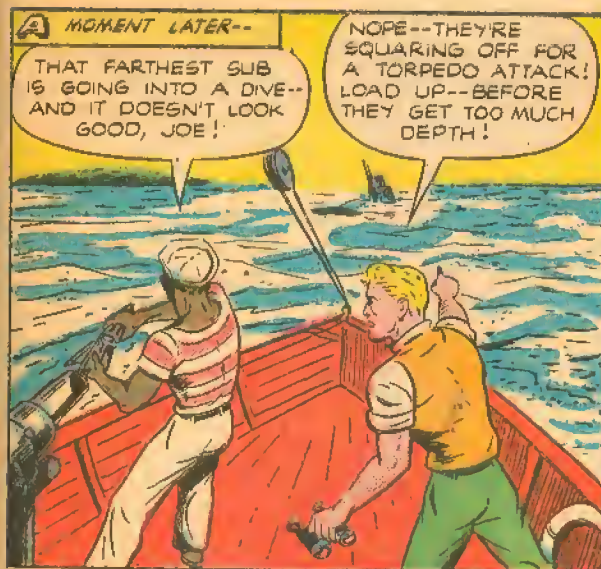
O.K.--LET'ER COME UP! EASY.. EASY..



**I**N THE NEXT SECOND--









# NAZI NEMESIS

THE BALLISTICS ROOM at the Tokyo headquarters of U. S. Counter-Intelligence was stocked with practically every handgun still in use throughout the world, and Agent Chet Gardner had no difficulty in finding the pistol he wanted. When he checked it out at the weapons desk, the agent in charge said, "Taking a Luger out tonight, eh, Chet? What's the matter with the good old U. S. Service Revolver?"

"Take another look at that Luger," Chet said.

"Huh?" The agent looked more closely at the gun and then grinned wryly. "Oh, it's the Japanese 7.65 millimeter automatic---it looks enough like the German Luger at first glance to fool Luger himself! But now I'm even more bewildered, Chet---why are you taking this *Jap* popgun out---and why the silencer on it?"

Chet grinned. "Because I hope it fools someone else tonight---*ex-Gestapo Chief Fritz Bormann himself!*"

The agent's eyes widened in amazement. "You mean you got a tip he's right here in *Tokyo*? Why, he's wanted for more war crimes than a *Jap* poodle has fleas! But he's dangerous---you can't handle him by yourself, Chet! Let me call out the rest of the boys to help you with that---"

Chet clapped a hand on the phone and said, "No---this has got to be a *one-man job!* The *Jap* who tipped me off about Bormann said the house he's hiding out in has a dozen secret exits into the alleys---even the whole C-I force couldn't stop him from escaping once he saw us coming! But if just *one* man tries nabbing him, he may take time out to kill that guy before he escapes---and that's just where this *Jap* blaster comes in! So long, chum---if I'm not in by morning, have them drag the river for my body!"

An hour later, Chet was pushing

through the basement window he had just jimmied open---and dropping noisily into the cellar of the house where Bormann was supposed to be hiding out. Chet stood still for a moment, listening in the darkness, thinking, "Maybe I didn't make enough noise---no one seems to have heard me---OH!!!"

Stars exploded in Chet's head as the blackjack crashed viciously down on his skull. Half-unconscious, he felt someone going through his pockets. When he opened his eyes, the cruel, thin-lipped, killer's face of Fritz Bormann swam into focus---and Chet's heart leaped as he saw that the ex-Gestapo chief was holding the *Jap* pistol with the silencer.

"I always knew you Americans were fools," Bormann grated out. "I don't know how you found out where I was hiding these last five years, but it was *suicide* for you to think that one man could take Fritz Bormann! My intricate system of alarms would have enabled me to escape easily even if a battalion of you tried to surround the house---but when I saw that you were alone, I knew I could wait to *kill* you before I fled! And how fitting that you should die with a bullet from a German Luger---and how thoughtful of you to provide me with a silencer!"

Disregarding the throbbing pain in his head, Chet grinned and stood up. "You're all through, Bormann---I'm going to take that Luger away from you!"

The German leered, pulled the trigger---and then began swearing violently as he fumbled at the safety mechanism. But he didn't fumble long---for Chet's fist caught him square on the chin and sent him flying across the cellar, out cold. Chet grinned and picked up the fallen *Jap* 7.65 pistol---a gun which closely resembled the Luger, except for the small but complicated "Mambu" locking device that had foiled Bormann and would send him to the gallows.



# ROMAN RUSE

**MIGHTY AND VICTORIOUS** WERE THE LEGIONS OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN EMPIRE... BUT NOT ALL THEIR VICTORIES WERE WON BY FORCE OF ARMS ALONE! FOR THE ROMAN GENERALS WERE REPUTED TO BE THE MOST CUNNING IN THE WORLD... AND THE CRAFTIEST OF THEM ALL WAS **SCIPIO**, ONE OF THE FIRST MILITARY GENIUSES TO RELY ON **ESPIONAGE!**



**HAIL, MIGHTY SCIPIO!** I COME AS ENVOY FOR KING SYPHAX OF NUMIDIA, IN NORTHERN AFRICA... TO NEGOTIATE A TREATY BETWEEN NUMIDIA AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE! WE WILL WELCOME YOUR AMBASSADOR INTO THE NUMIDIAN CAMP... BUT THERE MUST BE NO MILITARY OFFICERS AMONG YOUR ENVOYS, BECAUSE WE ARE FEARFUL OF ESPIONAGE UNTIL THE TREATY IS SIGNED!

IT IS AGREED! I WILL SEND ONLY PEACEFUL NEGOTIATORS TO NUMIDIA... MEN WHO KNOW NOTHING OF ARMIES OR WARFARE!



**BUT** AFTER THE NUMIDIAN ENVOY HAD LEFT...

LELIUS, I APPOINT YOU AS LEADER OF THE MISSION TO NUMIDIA! I WILL ASSIGN MY TOP MILITARY OFFICERS AND GENERALS TO ACCOMPANY YOU AND SPY UPON THE NUMIDIAN CAMP... BUT THEY WILL BE DISGUISED AS **SLAVES!**

TRULY A WISE PLAN, O SCIPIO! THE NUMIDIANS ARE POWERFUL AND CANNY... BUT NONE ARE CRAFTIER THAN **THOU!**



**WHEN** THE ROMAN DELEGATION ARRIVED IN THE ARMED NUMIDIAN CAMP...

WELCOME, O AMBASSADOR OF ROME... I, KING SYPHAX OF NUMIDIA, GREET THEE! BUT TELL ME TRUTHFULLY... ARE THERE ANY OF THE MILITARY AMONG YOUR FOLLOWERS?

NO, SIRE... AS YOU SEE, I BROUGHT ONLY SLAVES WITH ME!



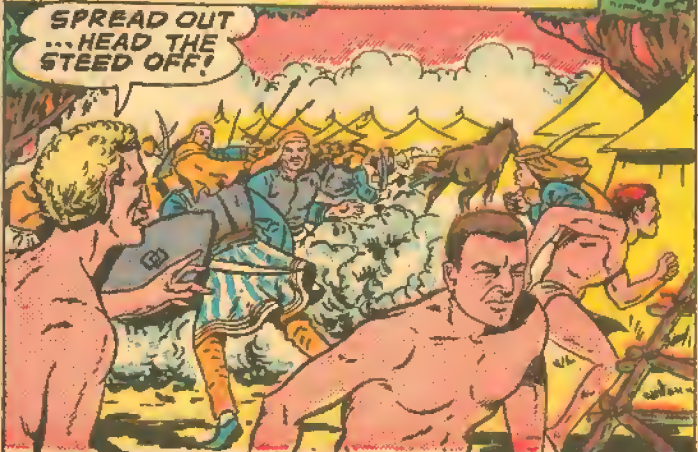
**BUT** AS SOON AS LELIUS WAS UNOBSERVED...

A HORSE HAS BROKEN LOOSE FROM OUR PICKET LINE... CATCH HIM, SLAVES!



**INSTANTLY**, THE DISGUISED ROMAN OFFICERS SET OUT IN PURSUIT OF THE BOLTING HORSE... AND UNDER PRETENSE OF TRYING TO HEAD THE STEED OFF, THEY FANNED OUT ALL OVER THE NUMIDIAN ARMED CAMP... AND LEARNED ALL THERE WAS TO KNOW ABOUT ITS STRENGTH!

**SPREAD OUT... HEAD THE STEED OFF!**





WHEN THE HORSE WAS FINALLY CAUGHT, THE DISGUISED MILITARY OBSERVERS MADE THEIR REPORTS TO LELIUS...

WELL DONE --- WITH THIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE NUMIDIAN FORCES, SCIPIO WILL KNOW EXACTLY HOW MANY ROMAN LEGIONNAIRES HE WILL HAVE TO SEND TO CONQUER NUMIDIA!



BUT BEFORE THE ROMANS LEFT, ONE OF THEM MADE THE ALMOST FATAL MISTAKE OF TIRING OF HIS SLAVE'S CLOTHING, AND RESUMING HIS ACCUSTOMED GARB! THIS IMMEDIATELY AROUSED SUSPICION...

HOLD --- CAN THAT BE A SLAVE'S CLOTHES YOU WEAR?



THEN, AS THE NUMIDIAN EXAMINED THE ROMAN GENERAL MORE CLOSELY...

WAIT... BY THE GODS OF WAR, I BELIEVE I RECOGNIZE YOU! ARE YOU NOT PUBLIUS TIBERIUS --- THE ROMAN GENERAL I KNEW IN GREECE MANY YEARS AGO?

YOU ARE MISTAKEN --- HE IS NAUGHT BUT A SLAVE!



AND A DOG OF A SLAVE! PIG --- HOW DARE YOU ARRAY YOURSELF SO RICHLY AS TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A ROMAN GENERAL?

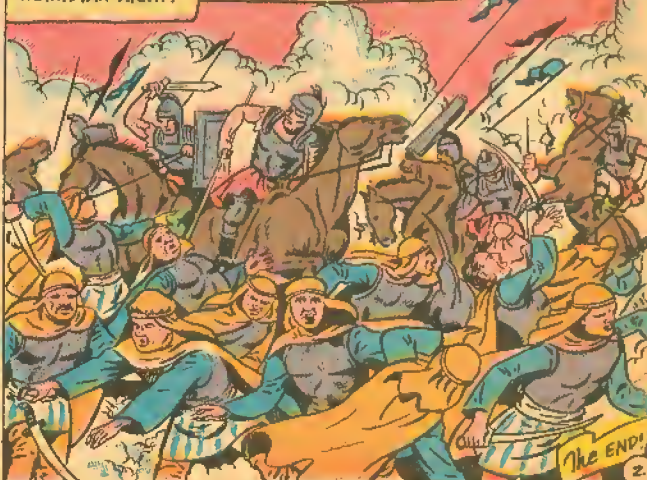


ON YOUR KNEES... SWINE!

NO... SPARE HIM! I MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN... NOW I SEE HE CANNOT BE A ROMAN GENERAL, FOR I KNOW THAT THE ROMAN CODE PRESCRIBES DEATH FOR ANY MAN WHO STRIKES A HIGH ROMAN OFFICER! I ACCUSED HIM FALSELY... FORGIVE ME!



THUS, BY HIS QUICK THINKING AND DARING ACTION, LELIUS PREVENTED THE DISCOVERY OF THE ESPIONAGE PLOT --- AND AS A RESULT OF THE INFORMATION GAINED BY THAT ESPIONAGE, SCIPIO DISPATCHED ENOUGH ROMAN LEGIONS TO UTTERLY DESTROY THE NUMIDIAN ARMY!



The END!  
2



THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

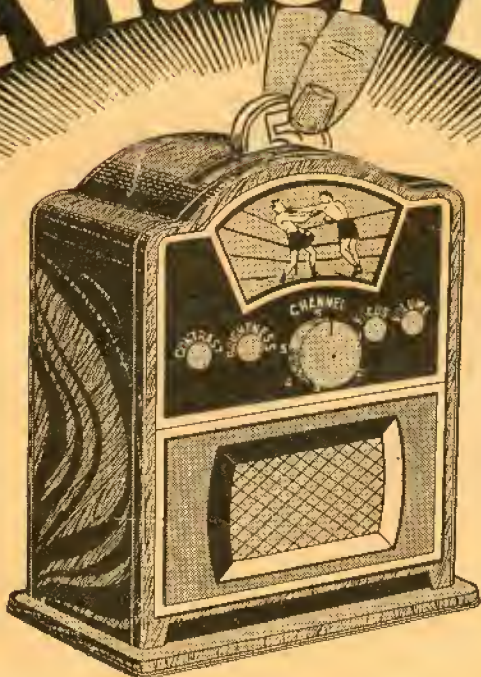
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- HITS EVERY TELEVISION  
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
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- AND . . . MAKES YOUR  
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



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**ONLY**  
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COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

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SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY! NEW TELEVISION BANK!**

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Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

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 SHOWS REAL FILMS



- A BIG SHOW — "Little Red Riding Hood"
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**3 FILMS \$1.99**

SHOWS WHOLE THE OWL AND THE PUZZY CAT JIMBLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL RIP VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINHOOD CRUSOE MOUSE THAT JACK RABBIT WINNIE THE POOH

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- SHE'S OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
- LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
- SHE CRIES — SHE COOS!
- REMOVABLE LAYETTE!

Amazingly lifelike nu-born doll to make every "little mother's" heart. Put her, dress her, cuddle her — she coos — she cries. Head and torso of play dolls. Over 18 inches high, with almost human-separable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Baby soft pink skin, bright blue eyes — classic thing to attract interest. Easily removable nightgown and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in easy handling with a ribbon tie for showing off in the "nursery parade." **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. — Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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- She drinks, she weets!
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To thrill the heart of every little mother — this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber dolly drinks, and weets her diaper. Comes with complete feeding equipment — 21 sturdy pieces including stainless steel rack, nipple (in and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use. Made of soft, lifelike WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, moist her arms, and legs. **SEND NO MONEY!** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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